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(Managing Director, ALAN McAFFEE.)

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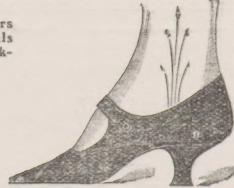
Finest Stock of High-class Boots and Shoes in the West End at Popular Cash Prices.

Special Reduction on all Coloured Court Shoes this week only.

Practical and Experienced Fitters employed to design Special Models for Customers unable to wear Stock-fitting Goods.



No. 391. Black Box Calf, Brogued Oxfords, Smart Leather Heel. 21/- cash price.



No. 165. French Kid 1-strap Shoes, with Louis Heel. 16/9 cash price.

Hewetsons

Furniture, Upholstery, Carpets, &c.

SMART AND USEFUL YULE-TIDE SOUVENIRS, at lowest prices for equal grade and forwarded carriage paid to any rail station in Great Britain, may be chosen from

HEWETSONS' NEW BOOKLET
"DISTINCTIVE FURNISHING,"

FREE AND POST FREE, together with Hewetsons' Large Catalogue containing Estimates and Schemes for completely Furnishing the Home at stated terms from £150.



SPECIAL REDUCTIONS DURING REBUILDING.

213-204, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

The CONNOISSEUR

THE MAGAZINE
DE LUXE.

1/- Just Out. 1/-

OLD
TEETH
BOUGHT.

Persons willing to receive the very best value should apply to the manufacturing dentists, Messrs. E. Zetwold, 10, New Bond Street, for the full value per return, or offer made — 125, Oxford Street, London, W.

ESTABLISHED 100 YEARS

THIS PROSPECTUS HAS BEEN FILED WITH THE REGISTRAR OF JOINT STOCK COMPANIES. The Subscription List will OPEN TO-DAY (Tuesday), and be Closed for Town on Thursday, the 3rd December, and for the Continent and the Country on Friday, the 4th day of December, 1903.

G. BEER (LIMITED),

Paris: 7, Place Vendome; London: 31, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W.; Nice: 8, Avenue Massena; and Monte Carlo: Avenue de la Madone.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.)

SHARE CAPITAL

DIVIDED INTO

£480,000.

240,000 SEVEN PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES of £1 each, with right to an additional dividend, as mentioned below.

240,000 ORDINARY SHARES of £1 each. The whole of the Ordinary Shares, and 35,000 Preference Shares, will be allotted as fully-paid in part payment of the purchase money.

Messrs. Chalmers, Guthrie, and Co. (Limited), of 9, Idol-lane, London, E.C., invite Subscriptions at par for the remaining 205,000 SEVEN PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES of £1 each (with participation in surplus profits),

Payment as follows:

On application 5s. per share.
On allotment 5s. " "
On the 1st February, 1904 5s. " "
On the 1st March, 1904 5s. " "

£1 0 0

Payment may be made in full on allotment, and interest will be allowed on the amounts prepaid at 4 per cent. per annum.

The Directors will not proceed to allotment unless the whole of the above value offered (which is the minimum subscription) is subscribed.

The Preference shares confer the right to a fixed cumulative preferential dividend at the rate of seven per cent. per annum which it is intended to pay half-yearly on 1st July and 1st January of each year, the first payment to be made on the 1st July, 1904, and the subsequent payment of a non-cumulative dividend at the rate of seven per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares) to a non-cumulative dividend of three per cent. per annum out of the available profits of the company.

The cumulative dividend of seven per cent. per annum is guaranteed for five years by Messrs. Beer and Badin, and £20,000 will be invested in English trustees' securities or French Government securities, in the joint names of Messrs. Chalmers, Guthrie, and Co. and B. Sewell (of the firm of Sewell and Maughan, Solicitors, Paris), as trustees for the holders of the Preference shares, as further security for the guarantee, and Messrs. Beer and Badin will be bound to pay to the holders of the shares the same for the first five years.

The Preference shares will have priority over the Ordinary shares as regards capital, and no Debenture debt will be created unless authorised by a resolution of the Court, and the value of the Preference shareholders present represented at a special general meeting of the shareholders.

The working capital, including stock as valued by M. Rémond, and the profits of the business from 1st July, 1900, to 31st December, 1903, estimated by Beer, is amount to £22,300, less the value of the fixtures and fittings, will amount to £105,000, subject, however, to the payment of the registration fees, stamp duty, brokerage, and cost of transfer of the business.

DIRECTORS.

RICHARD RABBLETT, F.C.A., Director of Peter Robinson (Ltd.), The Weir House, Teddington (Chairman).

Walter Thorpe Haddock, Director of Mappin and Webb (Ltd.), North Leigh, Wandesford (Vice-Chairman).

Camille Bloch, Manager of Elystan Whiteley (Paris Branch), 27, Avenue d'Eylau, Paris.

Fredk. Jessel Benson, Merchant, Director of Hackney Furnishing Co. (Ltd.), 15, Belsize Avenue, N.W.

John Henry Phipps, Partner of Russell and Allen, Court Dressmakers, Old Bond-street, W.

Gustave Beer, Couturier, 7, Place Vendome, Paris, Managing Director.

Ludovic Badin, Manager for G. Beer, 7, Place Vendome, Paris, Assistant Managing Director.

BANKERS.

Par's Bank (Limited), Bartholomew-lane, E.C., and Branches; Martin's Bank (Limited), 68, Lombard-street, E.C.

BROKERS.

London: Laing and Crichtonshank, 3, Drapers' Gardens, E.C., and Stock Exchange; Fremantle and Rigg, 9, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C., and Stock Exchange. Sheffield: Christopher Barber and Son, Alliance Chambers, and Stock Exchange.

SOLICITORS.

Caprons, Hitchins, Brabant, and Hitchins, Savile-place, Conduit-street, W.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES (Pro Tem.).

James Nicolson, 31 and 32, Broad-street-avenue.

EXTRACTS FROM PROSPECTUS.

The company has been formed to acquire as a going concern and to extend the important business of M. Gustave Beer, the renowned French Tailor, Mantle, and Costume Maker, carried on at 7, Place Vendome, Paris, with branches at Nice and Monte Carlo, and in Sackville-street, Piccadilly, London.

The business has been established for many years, has made uninterrupted and rapid progress during the last five years, and is now a well-reputed name amongst the aristocratic and wealthy classes both in England and France, and throughout the last five years not exceeding 2 per cent. of the sales.

The situation of the establiment in the Place Vendome is recognised as one of the finest in Paris for a house of fashion, and the premises in London, and also in Nice and Monte Carlo, are well situated and adapted for the trade.

The increasing prosperity of the business is shown by the following certificate of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, and Company, who have examined the books and accounts for the last five years:

To the proposed Directors of G. Beer (Limited),

3, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, E.C.

Gentlemen—We beg to report that we have attended at the office of Monsieur Gustave Beer, in Paris, and examined his books, with the object of ascertaining the profit made in his trading business during the five years ending 31st December, 1903. We find that before charging manager's remuneration and without including interest received, but after providing for bad and doubtful debts and for necessary depreciation, the net profits were as follows:

For the year ending 31st Dec., 1898 ... £15,605 6 9
" " " 1899 ... 20,558 16 2
" " " 1900 ... 20,500 16 6
" " " 1901 ... 43,513 18 9
" " " 1902 ... 54,201 6 9

(The exchange has been calculated at the rate of 25/- to the £.)

We find that the sales for the six months ending 30th

June, 1903, were in excess of those for the corresponding period of the previous year.

We are, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,

PRICE, WATERHOUSE, and CO.

As shown in the above certificate, the net profits for 1902 amounted to £54,201 6 9

To pay the dividend of 7 per cent. on the Preference shares will require £16,500 0 0

Leaving, on the figures for 1902, a balance of £37,401 6 9

for directors' and managers' remuneration, expenses of registered office, reserve fund, dividend on Ordinary shares, and further dividend on Preference shares.

The Cumulative Dividend of 7 per cent. is guaranteed by Messrs. Beer and Badin, and by the fund of £20,000 as before mentioned.

It will be observed from the accountants' certificate that the sum for the first 5 months of the year exceeded that for the corresponding period of last year, and Messrs. Beer and Badin consider that there is every reason to expect that the business will continue to increase.

M. Gustave Beer has agreed to be a director of the company for a period of eight years, during three years of which he will act as managing director, and M. L. Badin, who has been connected with the building up of the business from its earliest days, has entered into an agreement to remain with the company as managing director, or assistant managing director, for a period of 10 years, thus securing the continuity of the same prosperous management as hitherto.

The qualification of a director, other than the managing and assistant managing director, is the holding of shares of the nominal amount of £500.

The purchase-consideration has been fixed at £390,025

Which by the contract for sale is £390,025

By agreement as follows:

Stock as valued by M. Rémond £19,600

Balance to be made up in cash or goods

By M. Beer 400

Other assets, including fixtures and fittings, as appearing in M. Beer's books as at 30th June, 1903 13,500

Leases with option to purchase the Paris freedom 34,200

Profits from 30th June to 18th November, 1903, estimated by G. Beer at 22,500

Leaving for goodwill ... 39,200

£299,765

UNDERWRITERS.

Date. Name. Share of £1 each

23-11-03 Frederick J. Benson, Merchant 55,100

23-11-03 Chalmers, Guthrie, and Co. (Ltd.), Merchant 20,000

23-11-03 Lane and Crichtonshank, Stock Exchange 32,000

23-11-03 Freemann and Rigg, Stock Exchange 10,000

23-11-03 Vertue, Bowbeck, and Co. Stock Exchange 14,000

23-11-03 L. R. Reynolds, Stock Exchange 5,000

23-11-03 Sidney Ellis, Stock Exchange 1,000

23-11-03 Fielding, Lewis, and Runchun, Stk. Ex. 1,000

23-11-03 Christopher Barber and Son, Sheffield 1,000

23-11-03 Lazenby Brothers and Payne, Stock Ex. 1,000

23-11-03 Industrial (Anglo-French) (Ltd.) 1,000

23-11-03 Sewell and Maughan 2,500

23-11-03 John Henry Phillips 3,000

23-11-03 Michael Siegenberg 5,000

23-11-03 D'Alexandry Richard Rabbidge 4,000

23-11-03 Walter Thorpe Haddock 3,000

23-11-03 James C. Bloch 2,000

23-11-03 George Whitechurch 2,000

23-11-03 Ludovic Badin 2,000

23-11-03 Ernest Newington 2,000

23-11-03 Albert Bowden 1,000

23-11-03 Ernest M. Clarke 625

23-11-03 A. A. Morris 625

23-11-03 Edgar Anderson 500

7-1-04 William Longman 500

23-11-03 Charles C. Mitchell 500

23-11-03 Charles A. Delastre 500

23-11-03 A. Maxime Delastre 500

Total 265,000

The society has agreed to pay in addition a brokerage of 1 per cent. for procuring underwriting in respect of 1/2 of the total shares.

Some of the principal sub-underwriters have again sub-underwritten the shares sub-underwritten by them, and have arranged with other parties in the same way to sub-underwrite at the same rate of commission as they receive.

For contracts see full prospectus.

The accountants, indenture, and leases (or copies), and the memorandum and articles of association of the company, may be seen at the office of the solicitors of the company at any time during ordinary business hours on any day before the subscription lists are closed.

The company will pay to brokers and banking houses a brokerage of 6d per share on all shares allotted on forms having their names.

Applications for shares should be made on the forms accompanying the prospectus, and forwarded to the accountants and bankers, with a remittance for the deposit payable on application.

Prospectuses and forms of application for shares can be obtained from the bankers, brokers, Messrs. Chalmers and Company, and the solicitors of the company, and at the Registered Office.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Cold and gusty north winds; some snow squalls; fair and frosty intervals.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.37.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, moderate; North Sea, rather rough; Irish Channel, moderate to rather rough.

335th Day of Year.

Tuesday, Dec. 1, 1903.

30 days to Dec. 31.

The Daily Mirror.

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.

The King will hold a Council on Tuesday next.

There is no change in Mr. Herbert Spencer's condition.

Canon Bell is resigning the head-mastership of Marlborough College, and he and Mrs. Bell have resigned their seats on the Wilts County Council.

Mr. Fenwick Harrison, Master of the Hertfordshire Hounds, had two ribs broken yesterday through a fall from his horse in the hunting field.

Mr. Anthony Hope's new novel starts to-day on page 9.

Earl Grey states that in two years the Central Public-house Trust has acquired 114 public-houses, and 100 more will be taken over on the expiry of the leases.

King's College Hospital authorities are appealing to the public for £300,000 to enable them to remove to Denmark Hill.

Dr. Knox was formally enthroned as Bishop of Manchester yesterday.

Lord Brassey, who travelled specially from Paris, was the guest of the evening at a house dinner at the National Liberal Club last night, and opened a debate on Colonial reciprocity.

One hundred tons of herrings were caught yesterday off Burton, Port Donegal, being the first big take of the season. The fish will be delivered in London early to-day.

While crossing the Channel on Sunday night the mail steamer Nord passed through such a great shoal of herrings that her paddles killed thousands, and her progress was retarded.

A magnificent alabaster casket, mounted in gold and set with precious stones, which was frequently used by the late Pope, has been presented to the Rev. Father Macey, of the Salesian Order at Battersea by Pope Pius X. for sale in aid of the schools at Trott-street.

Two female centenarians have just died; Maria Palmer Forster, 103, at Hetherstone, near Norwich, and Mrs. Guilfoyle, 112, at Neath workhouse.

Henry Day, a carter, who had saved twenty-seven persons from drowning, has himself been drowned at Derby.

The North-Eastern Railway Company conducted some successful experiments on Sunday with a new form of anti-friction brake for heavy vehicles.

Orders have been issued for the first time for two balloon sections to leave Aldershot for duty at Malta and Gibraltar respectively.

The Mayor of Poplar has convened a conference of guardians, councillors, clergy, men, and others for to-morrow to consider the question of the relief of the unemployed.

Hornsey Borough Council has decided to obtain a coat of arms costing £75 10s.

The committee of the Macedonian Relief Fund have received an anonymous offer of a subscription of £1,000 on condition that the total amount subscribed to the fund by January 2, 1904, reaches £20,000.

The body of a lady named Mrs. Wormald has been washed up by the sea at Holywell, Eastbourne.

Mr. L. Tomlinson, an engineer who is about to retire from the service of the Cunard Steamship Co., is said to have travelled 2,125,000 miles on shipboard.

Comte de la Vaulx, director of ballooning to the French Army, visited Aldershot yesterday. He was conducted over the military balloon factory and witnessed the ascent of a war balloon.

The retirement has taken place, through ill-health, of Mr. J. J. Brown, who for nearly twenty years has been the superintendent of the publishing department of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

A Liverpool telegram says that a syndicate of American millionaires is making efforts to capture the British provision trade.

No tube railway projects appear among the private Parliamentary Bills for next Session.

While racing to a fire in Bayswater last night two fire engines came into collision at a gallop, and two firemen were badly injured.

Mr. Carlyon Britton was elected president of the new British Numismatic Society at the inaugural meeting last night.

Speaking at a drawing-room meeting at Prince of Wales-terrace yesterday, Mrs. Brownlow protested against the exclusion of women from the control of education. Women, she said, looked after the trifles which ensured smooth working.

Walham Green church took fire last night, but the outbreak was soon overcome.

Political.

Dulwich Conservative Central Council have chosen Dr. Rutherford Harris as their candidate. Mr. Masterman will stand in the Liberal interest.

Major Coates, the Unionist candidate for Lewisham, has stated that he is in accord with the policy of Mr. Balfour.

Sir Walter Foster, M.P., speaking at Ilkeston yesterday, characterised Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal scheme as being more worthy of a comic opera than a political platform.

The Hon. Geo. Foster, of Canada, speaking at Liverpool yesterday, said that Canada felt it hard that she should have no preference over hostile nations in the country she had helped to preserve for the Empire.

Mr. Haldane, M.P., speaking at Dulwich last night on the fiscal question, said that for one manufacturer who was hit by the foreign tariffs three prospered under free trade.

Foreign.

The hearing of the suit for the annulment of the marriage of Prince and Princess Frederick of Schoenburg-Waldenburg began at Dresden yesterday before the Supreme Court.

Messrs. Townsend and Downey, the well-known United States shipwrights, who built the yacht Meteor for the German Emperor, in liquidation, a sum of £700,000 being involved, owing to labour troubles.

Mrs. Langtry has bought two thoroughbred trotting horses from the noted American breeder, Ketcham, for her stud farm.

The Austro-Hungarian and Russian Embassies have decided upon the proposals to be made for the carrying out of the Austro-Russian reform scheme in Macedonia.

The "National Zeitung" learns from a well-informed source that the progress in the German Emperor's condition is entirely satisfactory.

The Academy of Music, the largest theatre in Brooklyn, has been destroyed by fire.

Prince Alexander Karageorgevics, King Peter's youngest son, will enter the Servian Army as a private on his birthday, December 17.

A very rich copper mine, Laffan says, has been discovered in the Garriwal district of the Himalayas.

The Municipal Council in Berlin is considering the advisability of putting a tax on theatre and concert tickets for the expensive seats.

The school inspector in Brünn has forbidden both the teachers and the pupils in the girls' school to wear dresses with trains because of the dust caused by them.

Tod Sloan's action against the French Jockey Club has been adjourned for another week.

Law and Police Courts.

The trial of Mr. Whitaker Wright will not take place until early in the Hilary sittings, says an Exchange message. It has been arranged that the Lord Chief Justice shall preside at the trial.

At the Mansion House yesterday Maurice Simon, a City merchant, was fined £10 for importing milk from abroad without the tins being properly labelled as skimmed milk.

The charge of stranding and hazarding H.M. ship Landrail on the Dutch coast was proved last night at Sheerness against Boatswain Owen Hewett, who was sentenced to be severely reprimanded and dismissed from the Landrail.

The Court of Appeal refused a stay of execution in an action in which Mr. Justice Lawrence had found for the plaintiff on a claim against a bookmaker of a bet made on a horse which had won.

The Hon. R. and Mrs. Greville, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur James, and Colonel H. G. Miles have left Sandringham.

His Excellency, Count Mensdorff-Pouilly, Austro-Hungarian Minister, the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, the Earl and Countess Cadogan, Sir Richard and Lady Cynthia Graham, Mr. and Mrs. W. James, the Earl de Grey, Viscount Vallert, Lord Knollys, Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, Mr. Montague Guest, and Lieut.-Colonel Charles Frederick have arrived.

Speaking at a drawing-room meeting at Prince of Wales-terrace yesterday, Mrs. Brownlow protested against the exclusion of women from the control of education. Women, she said, looked after the trifles which ensured smooth working.

Walham Green church took fire last night, but the outbreak was soon overcome.



Sandringham, Monday, Nov. 30.

SNOW AND FROST.

December Commences with Great Severity.

SNOW PLOUGHS AT WORK.

Steamers Report Fearful Weather at Sea.

The first snows of winter have arrived. In London the fall was very slight—only a few hesitating flakes in the middle of the day, which served as a trembling salutation of December.

In the north and north-east the weather was more businesslike, as befits that strenuous part of England. At Whitby, Scarborough, Filey, and Bridlington there were distinct falls, and most of the meteorological stations in that part of the country report, at least, showers.

North and South Shields were the worst sufferers, having an exceptionally heavy fall. All outdoor work in the Tyne dockyards had to be abandoned. A fall of two feet in South-East Durham necessitated the use of snow-ploughs on the electric tram route between Stockton and Middlesbrough, and the men in the Tees shipyards had to cease work. There was a considerable fall in South Lincolnshire, and the ground was white for miles round Peterborough. Places in the Thames valley experienced small snow showers, and last night a heavy snow squall was raging at Dover.

There was a further rise in the level of the Thames in the lower reaches yesterday. About fifteen hundred million gallons of water passed through the weir at Teddington in twenty-four hours.

Weather prophets indulge in gloomy auguries of an exceptionally severe winter.

A general frost seems to have set in. Even Bournemouth has a temperature below freezing-point, and London yesterday shivered with the thermometer less than 30 degrees at noon.

Experiences of Continental Cities.

We are, however, better off than many parts of the Continent. Paris and Brussels had a considerable snow-fall, and the Vosges and Ardennes came in for very heavy storms. The Neva at St. Petersburg is completely snow-bound, and the North Italian railways have been blocked.

In Spain the Old Church of the Virgin at Madrid has been blown down, and San Sebastian is flooded. Naples has been swept by heavy storms, and very bad weather prevails at Gibraltar.

Steamers Damaged at Sea.

Awful weather is reported at sea, both at home and abroad. The steamer Lady Iveyagh, of Dublin, has arrived at Falmouth in a battered condition; H.M.S. Spartan was washed with heavy seas in the Irish Channel; and the steamer Strabo, which has arrived at Falmouth, received one great wave that killed a member of the crew and injured four others. The P. and O. steamer Arcadia arrived at Plymouth twenty-two hours late, several persons having been injured in the gale.

BIRMINGHAM DOG SHOW.

Numerous Exhibits and List of the Prize-Winners.

Yesterday, Birmingham, instead of splitting its head over the fiscal question, trooped to the Dog Show. Seventeen hundred exhibits were on view competing for £2,700 worth of prizes.

The show was held in the broad galleries of Curzon Hall, and was attended by lady fanciers from all parts of the kingdom, who looked after their pets with a devotion and tenderness that must have turned many of their husbands green with envy.

The judges were Mrs. Crosfield, an authority on Newfoundland, and Mrs. D. Dutton.

The Pomeranian is still the favourite class, the two heavy-weight champions, "Tatcho" and "Lady Verna," both belonging to Miss E. D. Lee, of Hampstead. "Gateacre Dainty Bell" secures for Mrs. Hall Walker, the enthusiastic breeder, of Gateacre Grange, Liverpool, the championship in the light-weight females, and "Champion Boy Blue," the pride of Miss Ives Stockport, takes the honour in the companion class.

"Champion Ashton Dulce," the exhibit of Mrs. Walton and Mrs. Beard, of Chelsea, is the champion in a small show of the dainty

Yorkshire terriers. "Sir George White," a very handsome Maltese dog, continues a successful career by securing for Mrs. J. Stallibrass, of Forest Hill, London, a fifth championship in the pet spaniel section.

The Blenheimians are headed by "The Cherub," belonging to Miss Spofforth, of Hyde Park; the King Charles, by "Bonny Boy," exhibited by Mr. Harvey Nixon, Sheffield; and the Pekinese, by the well-known champion, "Goodwood Lo," which has scored so heavily for Mrs. Douglas Murray, of Egham, Surrey.

But it is not only in the toy section that the lady fanciers are to the front. The Hon. Mrs. C. J. Coventry, of Earl's Croome Court, Worcester, succeeds in the Great Danes; Mrs. Olive Milner, of Halifax, takes a silver spoon awarded by the Bull Terrier Club; the Duchess of Newcastle adds to her laurels with Russian wolf hounds; and the national silver medal for Dalmatians is awarded to Mrs. E. C. Boucher, of Leek.

DISCOVERERS OF RADIUM.

The Royal Society Honours M. Pierre Curie and His Wife.

The discoverers of radium—M. and Madame Curie—were presented with the Davy medal by the Royal Society yesterday afternoon at Burlington House.

It is not often that a lady deserves such a distinction for researches in an obscure branch of science, and it is a disappointment that the rules of the society prevented Madame Curie receiving the medal personally. No woman is allowed in the council chamber on such an occasion, when the business is conducted with the utmost secrecy. M. Curie, who was accompanied by his friend Professor Dewar, is a tall, spare man, grey-bearded and grey-haired, and possessed of a pair of keen grey eyes.

The medal was handed to him with a few words of warm commendation by the President, Sir William Huggins.

APE-MAN OR MAN-APE?

Puzzle Suggested by a Civilised Chimpanzee.

The comity of nations has been fostered by the arrival in England of a distinguished foreigner who is travelling under the name of "Consul." He has come to England from America via Paris.

For the next three weeks he will be at home to visitors twice every day at the Hippodrome, where he made his début in London last night.

To be brief, "Consul" is the well-behaved ape who has been so great a favourite in Paris. He comports himself both at table and in his general behaviour in the most unexceptionable way. On the stage he eats, drinks, smokes, rides bicycles, plays the piano, and goes to bed—all with the strictest propriety. And it is only with an effort that you can bring yourself to realise that he is only a chimpanzee.

Consul is only a youngster, in spite of his accomplishments. He is less than three feet high, but he will some day be about 5ft. When he held a reception after his performance last night he seemed a little tired, but showed at grave, eighteenth century sort of courtesy that was most impressive. He had a bow and a shake of the hand that made everyone at home.

His visitors came away wondering whether this is the most manlike of chimpanzees or the most chimpanzee-like of men.

FISCALIS AND THE WAR.

Following close in the track of Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman paid a visit to Newport, Monmouthshire, yesterday. Addressing a meeting at the Tredegar Hall, where Mr. Chamberlain spoke, he said the ex-Colonial Secretary's conduct in charging the Liberals with making a party question of fiscal reform was a piece of politics.

He also gave the "flattest of flat denials" to Mr. Balfour's charge that he had starved the Army when Secretary of War. If the Liberal party had been in power there would have been no Jameson Raid and no war.

FISCAL FACTS IN BRIEF.

To everyone interested in the fiscal problem—and with the best will in the world it is almost impossible to avoid being interested—the "Fiscal Red Book" will be invaluable.

The book, which will be on sale at all newsagents' and bookstalls on Saturday, at the price of threepence, covers in the briefest space every important point of the controversy.

The valuable special articles which have appeared in the "Daily Mail" will be reproduced, together with much new and interesting information.

1903.

December.

Sun.	6	13	20	27
Mon.	7	14	21	28
Tues.	8	15	22	29
Wed.	9	16	23	30
Thurs.	10	17	24	31
Fri.	11	18	25	...
Sat.	12	19	26	...

GIRL'S TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

Struggle with a Robber in a Lonely House.

An extraordinary story of an attack on a defenceless young woman named Florence Grant, aged twenty-two, who is described as an authoress, was told before the magistrates at Sittingbourne yesterday.

Miss Grant, a young lady of pleasant appearance, medium height, and of quiet, self-possessed manner, has, for some time past lived alone at Little Rides Farm, in the parish of Leydsdown, in the Isle of Sheppey, presumably, with the object of pursuing her literary occupations in seclusion. Her spare time was devoted to the hobby of poultry keeping. Miss Grant's parents reside at Warden, a village two miles away, whence they had gone from London.

According to the evidence of Miss Grant yesterday, it seems that on Thursday night she slept at her parents' house, and on the following morning she proceeded to Little Rides Farm. She noticed that a pane of glass had been removed from one of the windows. Upstairs in her bedroom she discovered that the bedclothes had been disarranged, as though someone had slept there. Upon crossing the landing to another room she was astonished to see a strange man with a sheet wrapped round him, while a net curtain was drawn over his head.

Before Miss Grant could recover from her astonishment the man sprang upon her, and a desperate struggle ensued on the landing, in the midst of which Miss Grant and her assailant fell downstairs.

A Lucky Escape.

The young lady was there overpowered, blindfolded and gagged, taken upstairs, and bound hand and foot to a bedstead. The intruder then demanded money, threatening "If you don't give me this money I'll put your light out." She protested that she had no money in the house, but suggested that she should take a note to her parents, who would give him some.

She was liberated partially to write the note, and when it was written the ruffian bound her up again and left with the note.

As soon as he was out of the house Miss Grant managed to remove the gag and screamed for help. Her screams frightened her assailant, who returned, and insisted that Miss Grant should herself take the note to her parents' house. He accompanied her until they were near the place, when he went and waited in a neighbouring field.

The young lady related to her parents all that had happened, and a messenger was sent to Mr. Thomas Horspool, a gentleman residing a little distance away. He drove to a neighbouring village for police assistance.

In the meantime the assailant made off, but the news having spread he was pursued by the police and some villagers, and eventually captured at Hartley, where he had been unable to cross the River Swale.

The man has been identified as John Wilson, a stalwart labourer aged thirty, who has several previous convictions against him, his last term of imprisonment being six months for a till robbery at Queenborough.

After evidence prisoner was remanded.

EARL GREY'S TRUST.

The Progress of a Great Social Reform Movement.

"I believe I am correct in saying that never in the history of social reform has any movement fixed its roots so firmly, so wide an area, in so short a time," writes Earl Grey, in yesterday's "Times," alluding to the Public-house Trust movement.

His long letter makes interesting reading. A public-house has been described as a place where one can get anything to drink but nothing to eat; whereas an eating-house is frequently an institution where food is served, but where such appetising beverages as a glass of beer or wine are unobtainable.

Earl Grey and the Public-house Trust are grappling with this ridiculous situation, and, moreover, they are establishing houses whose profits go into the pockets of the customer and not into those of the brewer or other monopolist. They have adopted the Gothenburg system, and can already point to 114 houses run by the Association and over 100 others that will fall to them on the termination of current leases.

Colonel Crauford, a representative of the Trust, has been on a tour of inspection, and Earl Grey quotes from that gallant officer's report. Hot meat pies and steaming bowls of soup are everywhere obtainable at the Trust's houses and are strongly in demand. One of their managers "is very strict, and stops all swearing. If a man transgresses his drink is taken away, his money is returned, and he is sent out of the house." At the White Hart, Edinburgh, fish suppers at 3d., 4d., and 6d. are provided, and are very popular; and in Ulster "the man who asks for Bovril gets the same smile as the man who asks for beer."

Earl Grey, discussing the action of certain brewers who keep alive old and unprofitable licences with a view to exchanging three or four of these for a new one, proposes to test "in the Law Courts the action of any licensing Bench which may at next Brewster Sessions sell a new licence in consideration of the surrender of old licences."

ENGLAND AND THIBET.

Plans of the Large Military Expedition.

While no definite date is officially given for the advance of the British mission from India into Thibet, Colonel Macdonald, R.E., who will command the military force, is busily engaged in making the necessary preparations.

Immense quantities of transport are being collected (Reuter learns), and stores and warm clothing are being despatched to the Sikkim frontier. Supplies of Canadian fur coats, which were purchased for the troops in China, have been sent from Tientsin.

The present base is at Siliguri, some thirty miles south of Darjiling, and as soon as everything is in readiness Colonel Macdonald's force will cross the frontier.

Colonel Younghusband, the British Commissioner, will proceed to Sikkim, and go with the military expedition, which will march direct to Khambo Jong and join the Commission, which is still there.

All will then march to Gyangtse, which after Lhassa is, in the most important town of Thibet, and on the main road to the

An Understanding With China?

At this point Colonel Younghusband will endeavour to reopen negotiations with the Tibetans.

There is no question at present of a permanent occupation of Gyangtse, or of an advance to Lhassa itself.

Although it is not generally anticipated that the Tibetans will actually fight, the extremely difficult character of the country to be traversed, and the remoteness of the destination of the mission from the frontier, with passes closed by the winter in their rear, render necessary the employment of a force strong enough for any emergency.

A telegram from Tientsin says there appears to be an understanding between Great Britain and China to hold Thibet against Russia should occasion arise.

Telegrams from Calcutta yesterday stated that for many weeks no communications have passed between the Tibetans and the British. Trade over the Jelap pass is entirely stopped, and the Tibetans have deserted the frontier posts. It is rumoured from Nepal that the priests in Lhassa desire to oppose the British mission, but that the population want peace.

POETS AND OLD AGE.

Mr. Swinburne's Despondency Over the Burden of Years.

Oxygen has probably saved the life of Mr. Swinburne. The poet is now rapidly recovering from the sharp attack of pneumonia which had caused his friends so much concern.

Mr. Watts-Dunton, the devoted companion of Mr. Swinburne, yesterday told a representative of the "Pall Mall Gazette" that he was surprised, even taking into account Mr. Swinburne's fine constitution, at the rapidity of his recovery.

"Think of it," he said, "twenty or thirty years ago if Mr. Swinburne had had an attack like this he is recovering from, he would have died because the doctors were helpless. But oxygen has saved his life."

"Up till the day he fell ill," Mr. Watts-Dunton went on, "Mr. Swinburne had been in the daily habit of taking a good long vigorous walk, and we all attribute his stock of health to this wholesome regimen. Only yesterday I was talking with him about longevity, and we were disputing which was the better for a writing-man—to fall off at the height of his career, or to go on living and being pestered by the perpetual cry of his critics that his last work will not compare with his work in years gone by. Mr. Swinburne has to put up with this kind of thing, of course, and it sometimes makes him despondent."

"I remember, too, that the last time I met Tennyson he was in his eighty-third year; and he said (almost in view of death) that he felt keenly just that persecution of absurd comparisons of which I have spoken. And here's a letter I received from George Meredith yesterday. He remarks on the coincidence that he has just been under the doctor's hands himself. He says the medical men have 'pulled him through,' and that it is 'an ill service to a man of seventy-five.'

"I confess I can't see why men of this stamp should talk in that strain. The proper age for a man to live is a hundred—that is, under fair conditions; and when science and discovery are doing everything to ensure those conditions for us, we ought to help by keeping in as serene a frame of mind as possible."

A RUSH WITH BALL DRESSES.

William Clarkson, the theatrical costumer, of Wellington-street, was fined £26 10s. yesterday at Bow-street for employing four women and a girl overtime without giving the necessary notice to the Factory Inspector, in preparing costumes urgently required for the ball at Covent Garden to-night.

WOMEN LAWYERS.

The Fight to Gain Admission to Inns of Court.

Miss Bertha Cave is the pioneer of a movement which may end in lady barristers gracing English Courts of Justice, and even defending murderesses, as a French feminine advocate did in Toulouse the other day.

The benchers of Gray's Inn have refused to admit Miss Cave as a student, and her appeal comes before a special tribunal of law lords to-morrow. It is really a fight against precedent.

There was a similar petition by Miss Margaret Hall in Scotland in 1901, but it was dismissed on the ground of "inventer custom and usage." The profession itself was not averse to women entering it, and it is rumoured that even the Gray's Inn benchers are favourably inclined to Miss Cave's cause could but the "he's" and "him's" of their statutes be regarded as interchangeable with the feminine pronouns.

As in the case of women medical practitioners, the struggle is one to be fought at the doors of the schools, and not one to be renewed when the student has attained the necessary qualifications. Among those by whom to-morrow's proceedings will be watched with the keenest interest is a Manchester lady who, like Miss Cave, is awaiting permission to enter upon a legal career.

NO IMPEDIMENT IN SWITZERLAND,
(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

The first woman lawyer in French Switzerland, Mlle. Favre, took her seat, which is specially reserved, according to Swiss custom, at the tribunal here on Saturday. From all appearances Mlle. Favre will have an uphill fight in this town to retain her position, for she is politely ignored by her male colleagues. However, she passed her examination with brilliancy, and will plead her first case, in which she defends one of her own sex, within the next fortnight.

FORGED LOVE LETTERS.

WIDOW Sentenced to Fourteen Months' Imprisonment.

Mrs. Hannah Evans, a widow, her son Thomas, and Jane Davies were found guilty yesterday at Cardiff Assizes of perjury and the forging of love-letters, for production in a breach of promise action.

Last March Mrs. Evans sued a Mr. Thomas for breach of promise, and lost her case. In the course of the trial, certain love-letters which she stated she had received from Thomas were declared by the Home Office writing expert to be forgeries.

Mrs. Davies yesterday declared on oath that the solicitor for the prosecution, Mr. Dahne, had advised her to admit writing the letters, although she persisted in her denial.

In cross-examination she was shown a letter by Mr. Evans, K.C., M.P., which she said at first was in her own handwriting, but directly afterwards she denied having written it. The learned counsel informed her that she had written the letter in question at his direction during the trial. Mrs. Evans then admitted her authorship.

After three hours' absence the jury found the three prisoners guilty, and sentence of fourteen months' imprisonment was passed upon Mrs. Evans. Thomas Evans and Jane Davies were sentenced to six months' each.

STRANGE CASE OF A JEALOUS WIFE.

The Divorce Court was occupied yesterday with the matrimonial complications of a Dr. and Mrs. Neligan. Their case had been before the court several times, and an agreement of compromise had been arranged. The wife now applied that this should be set aside, while the husband asked that it should be executed.

At the time of the marriage Mrs. Neligan had settled £14,000 on her husband, and gave him £400 a year, on consideration of his giving up maternity cases.

On the evening of the compromise, which arranged for a separation, Mrs. Neligan met her husband, threw her arms round his neck, and said: "Oh, Will, this cannot be; I cannot live without you!" The wife now claimed that all differences had been made up between her and her husband, but he, on the other hand, contended that it was impossible that there should be a reconciliation between them.

The motion was adjourned for a fortnight.

PROTECTION FOR BALLET GIRLS.

It appears from a report of the Theatres Committee, which the London County Council will consider to-morrow, that special arrangements are being made at the Alhambra Theatre to reduce the risk of fire on the stage to a minimum. The dresses of the ballet girls are to be treated with a fire-resisting chemical.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW NOVEL

"DOUBLE HARNESS"

STARTS TO-DAY ON

PAGE 9.

SHORT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

FIRE CAUSED BY SNOW.

A motor on the Paris Metropolitan Railway took fire yesterday morning on the Outer Boulevards section, in consequence of a short circuit due to the fact that the rails were covered with snow. The passengers were safely got out and the fire was easily extinguished. As the snow lying on the rails interrupted the current traffic was suspended.

FUNERAL WREATHS ON FIRE.

During Divine service at St. Mark's, Belgrave, a day or two ago, the wreaths on the tombs of the murdered King Alexander and Queen Draga (our correspondent states) caught fire from an adjacent candle. The fire, fortunately, was soon extinguished, but at first considerable alarm was caused among the congregation.

THE NEXT GORDON BENNETT RACE.

Thursday, December 31, is the last day for entering for the 1904 Gordon Bennett Cup eliminating trials for the selection of the three motor-cars which shall represent Great Britain in the great contest which is to be held some time next summer on German soil.

It is expected that Germany, Austria, France, Italy, Holland, the United States of America, and Great Britain will all compete.

The Deutscher Automobil Club is hard at work settling the preliminary details.

AN ARCHDUCAL CARPENTER.

All the male members of the House of Hapsburg, Austria's Imperial Family, have to learn some trade as boys. Archduke Otto chose that of carpenter, and has kept up his interest in this handicraft, often visiting the Vienna Association of Carpenters and Turners. His Imperial Highness has now presented the Association with his masterpiece for the Christmas exhibition, in the form of an arm-chair of old style, in mahogany. The Archduke made this chair in the seventies.

TEN-YEAR-OLD VIOLINIST.

The little ten-year-old violinist, Franz Vecsei, who has just returned to Buda-Pest from Berlin, had the honour of an Imperial reception. The German Empress took him on her lap and talked to him about his brothers and sisters.

"What did you call her?" the little boy was asked. "Auntie Empress," was the answer. A lady tried to pat him, but he drew back, saying that he detested all aunts. "In Berlin they gave me no peace. I shall never make them to them."

"MY MOTHER, WHO IS WITH GOD."

The German Emperor has added brilliants to the Cross of the House of Hohenzollern already possessed by Herr Vegas, who recently executed the sarcophagus for the remains of the Empress Frederick. In an autograph letter to Herr Vegas the Emperor expresses his pleasure with the sarcophagus, and says:—

At the sight of the work, reminding me of my mother, who is with God, a pious feeling comes over and animates me in loving memory of the dear dead one.

THE MOUNTAIN DOG WATCH.

Barry, the celebrated St. Bernard dog, whose stuffed body may be seen in the museum at Berne, has a worthy successor in Turk, a dog of the same breed, belonging to the monks of the hospice of St. Bernard.

Recently (our Geneva correspondent writes) Turk saved the life of an Italian workman, whom the dog found buried under two yards of snow on the international route from Italy to Switzerland. Unable to rouse the man from his torpor Turk ran to the hospice, an hour and a half distant, and guided the devoted monks to the spot where the Italian lay. This is the twenty-third life that Turk has saved from the mountain snows.

Every night Turk takes his stand on an eminence commanding the route, and nothing escapes his eye.

STOCK EXCHANGE FLUCTUATIONS.

There is nothing the Stock Markets like less than political talk. The strained relations between Russia and Japan gave the market a jolt yesterday. Speculators for the rise at once began to sell on their stocks, and speculators for the fall came into prominence, but Consols rallied, and closed firm. The market rallied after the close session, and the market was up, so the close was firm, after prices had looked any thing but satisfactory.

Home Railways looked sick and sorry. It is all owing to the new financial issue. But then the five Scottish railways were combining in a kind of working agreement in the hope of cutting down expenditure still quite flat. One of the great American finance houses was buying American rails. This was interpreted as meaning that the firm saw its way to investing money again, and consequently the dealers argued that the American outlook must be brighter, the firm would not be locking up its resources in this way. The news flashed over to America, and the market was up. The market were, so to close session, stopping away after the close. The new financial issue was the cause of the market's being up. The market was up, so the close was firm, after prices had looked any thing but satisfactory.

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A GREAT DETECTIVE.

Supt. Melville, the Terror of Anarchists, Retires.

Superintendent William Melville, of Scotland Yard, the famous detective, retired yesterday after thirty-one years' service in the force which he has so adored.

He is lucky to escape with a whole skin, for his life has been attempted as frequently as those of the monarchs who owe their safety to his vigilance. On one occasion he was even bearded in his den at Scotland Yard by an armed anarchist, whose revolver he seized, and now shows as a trophy. The man himself promptly flung downstairs.

Supt. Melville was only recently presented with a souvenir by King Edward, whom he had escorted to Lisbon, Rome, Paris, and Vienna; and his retention of his office for an additional month was arranged so that the King and Queen of Italy might have the benefit of his services.

With the anarchist pure and simple, if such lamblike epithets may be applied to so ferocious a creature, Supt. Melville was more at home than any British police-officer. Speaking French and Italian fluently, he was easily able to pass for a member of the tribe. He attended their meetings, was elected to their clubs, danced with their wives and daughters, and enjoyed their confidence in an unlimited degree.

Some Famous "Catches."

Occasionally he was obliged to attend to business when in their company, and it is recorded of him that more than once he caught his man red-handed and made him deliver up the deadly bomb that was about to be hurled at some unfortunate personage or public building.

It was Mr. Melville who defeated the famous chloroform scheme by which the Anarchists hoped to gain an enormous increase to their funds. The plan was, briefly, to chloroform members of the aristocratic clubs on their way home, rifle their pockets, and devote the proceeds to "the cause." Mr. Melville arrested the leader of the gang, who had a bottle of chloroform in his possession, and Mr. Justice Hawkins did the rest.

When the Emperor William was in London Superintendent Melville discovered a German who was bent on the assassination of his Emperor. Having neither warrant nor specific orders to arrest this man, Mr. Melville lured him into a wine cellar, turned the key on him, and kept him safely "bottled up" until the Kaiser had departed.

But the heaviest blow ever dealt at Anarchism in this country was when Mr. Melville surprised and broke up the notorious "Automobile Club," of Windmill-street, Tottenham Court-road. Battola, the famous bomb expert, whose classes were held in a cellar at Walsall, and whose lectures on time fuses and the properties of various explosives are unique in the records of Anarchism, was bagged by Superintendent Melville in this celebrated raid.

Superintendent Melville's services to the heads of many States are evident from his numerous decorations. He wears the Victorian Order, the Cross of the Legion of Honour, the Order of the Crown of Italy, the Austrian Franz Josef Order, the Spanish Order of Isabella the Catholic, the Portuguese Order of Christ, and the Danebrog Order of Denmark.

M.P.'S BACK FROM PARIS.

"We have had the best of good times," said one of the returned M.P.'s wives, as to her Paris visit. "All the French Deputies and their wives combined to show us how hospitable the French can be. We were not left to our own devices one moment."

A great number of the ladies have stopped in Paris for a day or two in order to shop. One M.P. who had left his wife behind in London found time to make many purchases for her in the gay city. She anxiously awaited his arrival at Charing Cross yesterday.

"I'm glad you've come, my dear," he said, as he got out of the train with cardboard boxes hung all round him, "I haven't dared to lose sight of these things since I left Paris."

THE WEATHER AFFECTS RESTAURANTS.

Depression of trade, consequent on the disastrously wet summer, has been severely felt even in the establishments which combine restaurant business and afternoon tea. The chairman and managing director of Slaters, Ltd., stated yesterday, at the shareholders' meeting, that their West End shops had felt the effects of the business depression which seemed so widespread, but which appeared likely to shortly pass away. Had they had a normal summer it would have made a difference of quite 2 per cent. in the net profit.

LADY SERVANTS AT BATH.

An advertisement in the "Bath Herald" reads:—

Two lady servants in Bath are desirous of communicating with others in a like capacity with a view to friendship.

Bath has probably more domestics than any other city in the country in proportion to its population. Perhaps the idea is to rival the achievements of the select company of Bath footmen whom Dickens immortalised. The house where the leg of mutton "swarry" was served can still be pointed out.

GIRL "NEWS-BOYS."

Ladies' Deputation's Objections to Mr. Stead's New Plan.

Mr. W. T. Stead proposes to employ "bright" girls from the Board schools, between fourteen and sixteen years old, to dislodge his new daily paper.

A deputation from the Women's Industrial Council, headed by Miss Clementina Black, yesterday waited on the veteran journalist to dissuade him from this plan. They would have him employ widows, of whom there are 197,000 now in London.

"If you employ girls of fourteen to sixteen for three hours in the morning at 5s. a week," said the deputation, "there is little likelihood that they will settle down to other work during the rest of the day. They will absolutely neglect technical education, and by the time they are sixteen will be more unfit to take their part in any skilled work than when they left school at fourteen. The roughest work in the poorest factory affords better training."

Mr. Stead thinks nothing of the kind would happen. His, he says, is really a scheme for secondary education. Teachers find it extremely difficult to induce girls to continue their studies after they leave the Board school on account of the hard industrial career they enter on. But if they work three hours in the morning, the rest of the day will be their own to attend polytechnics and evening continuation schools. At the same time they will earn as much and more in three hours as they would otherwise in a full working day.

Mr. Stead proposes to give a preference to girls who actually attend continuation classes, and in time will employ these only.

In reply to other objections as to the moral danger of life as a news-vendor, Mr. Stead said every girl would be under supervision, and would have no time to get into mischief.

"I will do what I can for the widows," he added, as the deputation withdrew. "We have talked in a circle," replied the ladies.

SALARY BY WEIGHT.

How a Fat Boy Earns as Much as Some Cabinet Ministers.

There is money in being stout—if you are stouter than anyone else.

The abnormally fat boy of Peckham, Johnny Trundley, who burst upon an astonished world not long ago, is reaping the reward of his "virtue"—the qualification of being bigger than ever boy was known to be.

A month ago he was only a local celebrity; to-day he enjoys national notoriety, and enterprising music-hall impresarios compete for his appearance in their "palaces."

Johnny has been engaged to appear at two South London music-halls at a salary of £10 a week for each hall, and Mr. Moss, of the Hippodrome, has secured him for the Edinburgh Empire Music Hall later on at £40 a week.

Let us consider for a moment what it means to be exceptionally fat. This salary of £40 a week for superfluous bulk comes to a little more than £2,000 a year. Sheer dead weight and the energy necessary to stand and be gazed at earns more than scores of men of the professions, men of keen brain, lifelong training, and minds stored with vast learning.

Some of our diplomats abroad are content with £1,500 to £2,000 a year.

Certain members of the Cabinet have salaries no higher than the fat boy—statesmen who endure the nightly strain of the Commons and the heavy daily work of office.

The President of the Board of Agriculture, the President of the Local Government Board, and the President of the Board of Education, all receive only £2,000 a year; and the Postmaster-General has but £500 yearly more than the fat boy of Peckham.

To-Day's Arrangements.

To-day's Weddings.

Captain H. H. Tudor, Royal Horse Artillery, and Miss Eva Gertrude Josephine Edwards, only daughter of Mr. Leslie Priestley Edwards, 51, Esplanade, Scarborough, at St. Martin's Church, Scarborough.

Captain Alington, the East Lancashire Regiment, and Miss Gladys Evelyn Hamilton, youngest daughter of the late Major T. Bramston Hamilton, of Bitterne Grove, Hants, at St. Leonard's Church, Hythe, Kent.

General.

The Queen's birthday.

Princess Henry of Battenberg opens in the Memorial Hall, Upper Street, Islington, a bazaar in aid of the restoration of the parish church, Islington.

Primrose League: Ladies' Grand Council, drawing-room meeting (by kind permission of Mrs. Knowles Corrie), 45, Leinster-gardens, 3.30.

The Secretary of State for the Colonies presides at the Australian dinner to Lord Northcote, Trocadero Restaurant, 7.30.

Annual Advent oratorio at St. Paul's Cathedral, Spohr's "Last Judgment," 7.

Grand Mark Lodge: Nomination of the Duke of Connaught for re-election as Grand Master, Mark Mason's Hall, 6.

GREAT FINGALL FORGERIES.

Stockbrokers' Claim to Recover £20,000 Advanced to Rowe.

An action brought by Messrs. Ruben and Ladenburg, stockbrokers, against the Great Fingall Consolidated, Limited, Messrs. Bewick, Moreing, and Co., mining engineers and managers of the Great Fingall Company, and Messrs. Lazard Brothers, bankers and merchants, to recover £20,000 advanced to Anthony Stanley Rowe on a certificate for 5,000 Great Fingall shares, which Rowe's former partners, Messrs. Bewick, Moreing, and Co., allege to have been a forgery, was heard yesterday in the King's Bench Division before Mr. Justice Kennedy and a special jury.

Messrs. Lazard Brothers, who had actually received the £20,000 that was advanced to Rowe, were only brought into the case so that all the necessary parties should appear before the court.

On December 27 or 28 last, it will be remembered, Rowe absconded, or at least confessed that he had been guilty of a number of serious frauds, borrowing upwards of £100,000 on the strength of forgeries on the Great Fingall Company, of which he was secretary, and other companies.

Yesterday Messrs. Ruben and Ladenburg, who had advanced Rowe £20,000 on the strength of one of these forgeries, sought to recover damages from Messrs. Bewick and Moreing, managers of the Great Fingall Company, and in whose firm Rowe had, until his confession, been a partner. They themselves had had to refund Messrs. Lazard Brothers the £20,000, and now brought this action on the ground that whether the transfer certificate which Rowe had forged was genuine or not either Rowe's former partners or the Great Fingall Company were responsible for the acts of their secretary or partner.

Yesterday's evidence was mainly confined to that given by Mr. Lindo, a partner in the plaintiff firm, who had conducted the actual transaction with Rowe, whom he had always considered an upright and honourable man.

When Rowe confided to him that he was interested in 5,000 shares on joint account with a Mr. Storey, whose interest in the parcel he wished to purchase, as Mr. Storey wanted to sell while Rowe was certain of a rise, Mr. Lindo had no hesitation in finding the £20,000 that would enable Rowe to complete the transaction, the shares standing as security.

Mr. Lindo had been on friendly terms with Rowe, visiting him at his private house in Hyde Park-square, and regarding him as a person very comfortably situated.

The further hearing of the case was adjourned.

NEXT SESSION.

Parliament will be Opened in State by the King.

It is the present intention of the King to open the ensuing session of Parliament in person. It will be a full state ceremony. The new Procession-road down the Mall, in St. James's Park, will then be used for the first time.

The Press Association states it has the highest authority for denying the rumour that the Government decided at its meetings on Friday and Saturday that the general election should take place in the coming spring.

MILLIONAIRE INTESTATE.

Part of a Large Fortune Comes to Mr. Gibson Bowles's Wife.

The late Mr. Penn, Conservative member for Lewisham, died, it has now become known, intestate. His wealth, which must have exceeded a million, is consequently divisible among his two daughters. One is married to Mr. Gibson Bowles, the vivacious M.P., who is so often a sharp thorn in the side of the Government. The other daughter is not married.

Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9. Haymarket, "The Devil's Forge," doors open 7.45. Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8. Apollo, "The Little Love Affair," 9. Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8. Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 8. Duke of York's, "Letty," 8. Empire, "Viveland," doors open 7.45. Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8. Garrick, "The Cricket on the Hearth," 8.15. Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9. Hippodrome, "The Girl and the Varieties," 2 and 8. His Majesty's, "King Richard II," 8.15. Lyric, "Monsieur Beaucaire," 8.00. Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzig," 8. New Theatre, "Mrs. Goring's Necklace," 8.55. Palace, New Bioscope Pictures, 8. Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8. Queen's (Small) Hall, "The Follies," 3.15 and 8.30. Royal Court, "The Tempest," 2.30. Royal, "Helen," 8.15. Shaftesbury, "In Doubt," 8.15. St. James's, "The Cardinal," 8.30. Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8. Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15. Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 9.

Theatres.

Albion, "The Devil's Forge," doors open 7.45. Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.

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* Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

SHORT HOME NEWS.

BANNER THAT KILLS BEHOLDERS.

The "banner of death," a Chinese temple ornament painted with groups of uncouth gods, was offered at Sotheby's yesterday, but was not sold.

This remarkable relic came from Shantikwan, and is supposed to have the power of killing any Chinaman who looks on it.

A THOROUGHFARE CLOSED.

Many commercial and legal gentlemen were present at a meeting yesterday evening at the Freemasons' Tavern, to protest against the complete closing of Great Queen-street in connection with the Holborn to Strand Improvement. The chairman, Mr. J. F. Remnant, M.P., said that the London County Council hardly seemed to realise the consequences of blocking up the street.

M. RUMFORD'S MISADVENTURE.

Mr. Kennerley Rumford, on his way to Bath with his wife, Madame Clara Butt, to sing at a concert in that city last evening, found when he got there that part of his luggage had gone astray. It contained his evening dress, and he had therefore to appear before a vast audience in the unconventional attire of a tweed travelling suit. Madame Butt introduced her two sisters, who sang duets, as Misses Pauline and Ethel Hook.

LIVERPOOL LADY'S MUNIFICENCE.

Newton Hall, Kingsley, near Runcorn, was dedicated yesterday as the tenth of the children's homes (established by Dr. Stephenson) by Miss Fowler, of Queen's Park, Liverpool, who has given £20,000 for the purpose in memory of her brother, the late Mr. John Fowler, a merchant, of Liverpool. The hall and estate of twenty acres cost nearly £4,000, and the balance is to be used for the erection of dormitories to accommodate 230 children, with school buildings and industrial houses, and all the adjuncts for such a colony.

GARDEN SUBURB FOR HAMPSTEAD.

A syndicate has been formed, consisting of Mrs. S. A. Barnett, of Toynbee Hall, Earl Grey, the Earl of Crewe, the Bishop of London, Sir John Gorst, Sir Robert Hunter, Mr. Walter Hazell, and Mr. Herbert Marnie, to establish a "garden suburb" for the industrial classes at Hampstead. The site selected consists of 243 acres, lying to the north-west of Wyldes Farm, on the edge of the heath, and an option of purchase has been granted by the Eton College Trustees, who are the owners of the property.

FOX-HUNTING ON THE ROOFS.

A strange hunting incident occurred recently with the Athertonstone Foxhounds in South Leicestershire. A young dog fox who had been hustled out of the Sutton woodlands made off in the direction of Market Bosworth. At the rear of the Black Horse Inn he made his way on to some outbuildings to escape the attention of a crowd of villagers, and, as an enterprising tradesman climbed after him, retreated on to a higher roof. Just before the arrival of the hounds he came down and crossed the street, jumped the school wall, and went to earth in a sand-pit.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

Mr. Fordham, the magistrate at North London Police Court, yesterday found a subtle way out of a peculiar case under the last Licensing Act. A married woman was charged before him with being drunk while in charge of her daughter Mabel, aged two years and six months. The woman, who had been spending the evening with a friend, was undoubtedly intoxicated, but she said her husband had sent the child to bring her home and they were on their way home when the constable intervened.

The magistrate said it was evident the child was in charge of the woman, so he could not convict the woman of being in charge of the child. She was let off with a fine of 5s.

ITALIAN CHILD SLAVES IN LONDON.

The small Italian children who seek to tempt the charity of passers-by in the London streets by means of an accordion and a monkey are familiar objects. One of them was charged yesterday at North London. The boy ran his fingers along the keys of the accordion, then held out his hand for money. Among those from whom he begged was a magistrate.

Subsequent investigation at the address which he gave in Plaistow revealed, it was stated, that a number of children, boys and girls up to the age of eighteen, had been shipped to this country from Italy, and were living here, without parents, in the condition of slaves. In one house of four rooms no fewer than thirty-eight Italians were living.

BIRMINGHAM RACES.

The National Hunt season proper was inaugurated yesterday at Birmingham, the results of racing being—

Race. Winner. Rider. Price.
Steechford H'dl.(10) Volatilia..... Mason..... 6 to 1
King's Norton S.(8) Spread Eagle..... Morgan..... 6 to 1
Cheeveye H'dl.(3) Cossack Post..... Mr Hastings 4 to 1
Smeethwick H'dl.(3) Red Rover..... Cadman 8 to 1
Old H.(2) Monsieur Boy..... Tuxford 10 to 1
Selby Oak Sh'ds(0) White Eyes.... Green..... 11 to 10
(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of runners)
To-day the following horses appear to have chances:—Selling Flat (2 miles) "Did I Know" or Carrigen; Sutton H. (2 miles) "The Devil's Forge"; Handicap Steeplechase (3 miles) "Stratford" or "Hidden Love"; Edgbaston Handicap Hurdle (2 miles) "Reclama" or "Booty"; Colshill Steeplechase (3 miles) "Lawrence" or "Dancing Dawn"; Maled Hurdle (2 miles) "Chang" or "Economist".



THE CHAPERON.

SHALL WE REVIVE HER?

SOME DIVERSE VIEWS.

THE girl felt hurt. She nearly cried. Somebody had said something, after the manner of somebodies who are given to saying things. It was unkind. It was absurd. She had a tiny flat of her own, and three days before a friend had called and stayed to tea. But it had happened, through no fault of his own, that the friend was a man! Hence, she had been hearing about it ever since—indirectly.

She carried it away to talk over with a friend—a nice, thoroughly senior, kind of friend, who used to take her out before she lived in a flat by herself. She asked if she did anything really very wrong in pouring out tea for friends who hadn't been able to help being men.

The lady sat a very long way off—a great space of fireplace, lonely drawing-room, and problem in between. Then she said, "I'm sure I don't know what women in flats can or can't do. I only know the laws of society, and they were never framed with a supposition anywhere in sight that a lady could live in a flat by herself. So I really don't see that there is anything that applies to you."

The girl ceased to feel hurt after that. Since the laws of society no longer applied to her, she could be a law unto herself. And she was.

A Mother's Views.

But views vary on the subject. Those of another lady in very smart society were a little different. She is mother to four remarkably handsome girls. Asked about the onerousness of her duties as chaperon she explained that they pressed on her extremely lightly.

I go to big functions with them, of course, but I never worry over them when I once get them there. And as for amusing themselves by day, I assure you they do everything entirely on their own. They go out cycling for whole-day excursions, each with her own friends, and they go out hunting whenever there is a meet within reach.

I don't believe in worrying girls—it only makes them go just the opposite way. And my girls are so thoroughly up-to-date. Why, Marjorie is only fourteen, and she has her own little love affair on now—not quite an engagement, you know, but nearly—and her friend helps her to back the right horse so kindly.

To which extreme do Mr. Stead's views incline? He is canvassing the Board schools for "2,000 bright girls," who would otherwise be engaged in domestic duties or preparing for examinations, to sell and distribute newspapers every morning.

He promises the headmistresses that "every girl will be taken for their supervision and protection," and Miss Clementina Black, who feels anxious and worried about them, wants to know if this is to be construed into a promise of a chaperon each.

We trust it does. London will then have many diversions to enjoy immediately after Christmas, and the experiences of those chaperons are likely to be thrilling. An elephant trying to keep a squirrel in order would be simplicity itself in comparison. Unless she is to keep them in leash.

"Happy Thomson!"

If the girls behave quite nicely while they are out, and prove as "bright" as he has asked the headmistresses to make them, Mr. Stead promises to promote them to the regular staff of the paper. If they all gain their promotion at the same time, those chaperons, like most of those in other spheres, will find themselves "out of work"! All except one. For when he is inundated with an addition of 2,000 bright girls of fourteen years and upwards, it is certainly expected that the unfortunate editor will retain the services of one of the 2,000 chaperons for his own protection. As the curates do.

The abolition of the chaperon is regretted by no section of society more sincerely than by the downright hard-working curate of a busy parish—more especially if he happens (and he often does) to be good-looking.

One of these curates, as earnest a man as ever lived, gifted beyond the average, and dowered with a private income, working in a parish composed of dock slums and outlying suburban villas, expressed his feelings yesterday about the number of unchaperoned girls who are always applying to him for counsel and parson's work.

It makes all the difference to me (he added) for I've had to engage a chaperon for myself. I simply daren't attempt the work without her. On the whole she is a success, though at times it is rather a nuisance, for every now and then she forgets she is my chaperon, and thinks she is my nursery governess, and I hate to hurt her feelings by having to remind her. Oh, happy Thomson—he has no district visitors!

The curate's regret always ends with this apostrophe to a friend—an old schoolfellow and college friend, who is working in a North of England parish which has no lady-workers. He is a continual source of envy to the persecuted man in the south!

Girls themselves are wholly divided in their opinions about it!

There are very few of them who are not glad that there is much less chaperon neces-

sary than there was. But there are very few who do not wish there was just a little more of them than there is!

If only there was some half-way stage, so that one could have the comfort of a chaperon to fall back upon when you don't know enough people, or when things get tiresome and go crooked, without having the fetters of someone always on hand breaking up spontaneity, and worrying you all the time—that is what everyone sighs for. And that is just where the fine art of being a good chaperon comes in!

The younger ones as a whole are the gladdest to be rid of "the encumbrance"—"A chaperon, no, thank you! I can take care of myself," they say. And their indignant friends say for them!

Well, everyone can take care of themselves until the moment comes, then—nobody can!

ACTRESS-MANAGERS.

THE NEW VENTURE OF TWO LADIES AT THE COMEDY.

THE new theatrical management which is about to begin operations at the Comedy will attract very much more than ordinary attention, for the reason that two out of the three people primarily concerned in it are actresses, and not, as is usual in such cases—an actor and his supporters.

Mrs. Maesmore Morris and Miss Beryl Faber, in partnership with Mr. Sydney Valentine, comprise the personnel of the new management, and from them some interesting plays may with good reason be expected.

Influenced no doubt by the approach of Christmas their first production will be of a character to bring it into touch with the sentiment of that festival, but afterwards "The Gadsbys" and other plays of a little more serious type will follow.

Miss Beryl Faber knows the theatre, from the unshaded side of the footlights, thoroughly; has played in comedy and tragedy; and on one occasion—this was in "A Country Girl," at Daly's—ventured even into musical comedy.

She is the wife of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, whose last play, "The Wisdom of Folly," was curiously enough, produced at the Comedy, into which theatre Miss Faber now enters as part manager.

Mr. A. E. George made a broken-down actor stand out vividly; Miss Eily Malyon left a good impression by her sketch of a passionate peasant girl, and a number of other actors and actresses, more or less known, helped to create an illusion of reality.

But reality on the stage and realism in drama are two very different qualities, as Maxim Gorki must learn before he can be

GRIM AND GLOOMY.

MAXIM GORKI'S FOUR-ACT SKETCH OF MISERY IN MOSCOW.

PEOPLE often come away from Stage Society performances asking "What was it all about?

The large audience which left the Great Queen-street Theatre in a chastened mood a little after five yesterday afternoon, seemed to consist entirely of people who had this query upon their lips.

What was "The Lower Depths" all about? About nothing in particular. And yet there were four acts of it? Yes; four long, solid acts, which lasted for just over three solid hours.

But there must have been a plot? Well, if there was, it escaped notice. The four acts all passed in one scene—a Night Refuge, in other words a common lodging-house, in Moscow. The characters were the people who frequent this unsavoury lodging—ruffians glorying in their ruffianism—broken-down wretches who have seen better times, drunkards and ne'er-do-wells of every variety.

They came in and out, and among them moved, like a visitor from the world above, the pathetic figure of an old, frail peasant, doing what he could to raise from their shame and misery those few who were still capable of being raised.

No "Action" Whatever.

He whispered of rest and Paradise to the dying, tried to persuade the tipplers that they could cure themselves of the craving for drink; urged the young to get out of their horrible surroundings. Yet, so far as one could see, his comfort and counsel had no good result. When the curtain fell upon the fourth act, the inhabitants of the "lower depths" were in no better case than they had been when it rose upon the first.

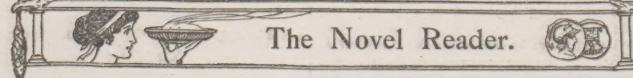
Maxim Gorki has, in a word, no dramatic sense. He has not the glimmering of an idea how to begin to write a play.

At the same time, his work gave several players a good opportunity to make a mark out of their accustomed lines. Mr. Welch got a great deal of poetry, and some humour as well, out of the "ministering angel's" part. Mr. Faren Soutar showed that he is capable of better things than "A Chinese Honey-moon."

Mr. A. E. George made a broken-down actor stand out vividly; Miss Eily Malyon left a good impression by her sketch of a passionate peasant girl, and a number of other actors and actresses, more or less known, helped to create an illusion of reality.

But reality on the stage and realism in drama are two very different qualities, as Maxim Gorki must learn before he can be

called a dramatist.



The Novel Reader.

FICTION OF THE MOMENT.

A GLANCE AROUND.

TIME was, and not so very long ago, when the reading of novels was supposed to be a distinctly frivolous way of spending one's time. When it was whispered that some great man, Bismarck, for instance, found his greatest relaxation in reading Gaboriau or Paul de Kock, only novelists understood and sympathised with his pleasing weakness.

Now, however, thanks perhaps in a measure to the novel with a purpose, one wonders who invented that capital and for a while selling phrase; thanks to the preachers who take a popular story for their text, even the most serious folk openly devote a good deal of their spare time to fiction.

Of course, opinions differ as to what is a good novel. Even the term "good" is extremely elastic in its application; perhaps I may be permitted to quote in this somewhat different connection a very striking sermon which I once heard delivered by the late Cardinal Manning.

"Of course," he said, "I know that I am preaching here to good people"; then, giving one of the curious penetrating glances which seemed to seek out and establish a personal relation between himself and each one of his hearers, he added, "But are you good?"

Romances and Romance.

The most remarkable literary star of the moment is Mr. Joseph Conrad. Thanks in a measure to the fact that he is a foreigner—a Pole—and to his having had many wonderful adventures by land and sea, he has been able to strike a really new note in our literature. Though there are some who do not care so much for "Romance" (Smith Elder), written by him in collaboration with Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, as they do for "The Nigger of the Narcissus" or "Typhoon," the book must appeal to every lover of style and of exciting adventures told as he alone can tell them.

The lover of romance is well catered for this autumn. Delightful are "The Adventures of Gerard" (Newnes), in which Sir A. Conan Doyle gives his readers, in addition to his excellent Napoleonic story, a valuable list of the authorities consulted by him—a precedent which might well be followed by other writers of historical romance. How interesting and even valuable would have been some such list prefixed to the late Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's story concerning the same period, "Barlasch of the Guard," which is being very much asked for now at the libra-

ries, as are indeed all Merriman's earlier works.

Apropos of historical novels, none who care for them should miss two recent novels, each in their way excellent pieces of workmanship. The one is "Hetty Wesle" (Harper's), in which Mr. Quiller Couch tells the pathetic story of one of the many fragile figures which stand out in dim silhouette against the background of the eighteenth century. The other is "The Story of Susan" (Heinemann), which begins in the year that saw Queen Victoria crowned, and shows us the provincial England of the forties. No modern writer, so far as we recollect, has yet been able to do this so well as Mrs. Doudney.

Some Cheerful Stories.

I am constantly asked to recommend stories which end well, and I cannot help thinking that from the purely business point of view it is a pity that some of our serious and strenuous writers of fiction do not adopt, when thinking out a new story, the philosophy so prettily indicated by Miss Youngs in "How Granny Reads Her Omar."

Yesterdays dandylines is shut, that's so; And where last evening's shower is, I dunno— But never min': the buttercups is out.

An' such things as we need to make things grow. Some wants the earth, Yes, an' there do be some. That's everlastin' wantin' Kingdom Come—

You hang to what you've got an' leave the rest. To them as ain't contented here at home.

It was this quality of cheery optimism which made "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" so amazingly popular; this also without doubt which has so endeared "Captain Kettle" to many unimaginative people; and among stories which leave a pleasant taste in the mind, and which end well, we should like to mention Mrs. Sidgwick's "The Beryl Stones" (Arnold), by Katherine Tynan; "The Honourable Molly" (Smith Elder), by "The Honourable Molly" (Richards), a volume of short stories by W. B. Maxwell, who is, by the way, a son of the lady who still signs herself "Miss Bradford"; and "A Passage Perilous" (Macmillan), in which Miss Rosa Nouchette Carey tells various tales of happy lovers and their perils.

THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

MOSE OF ROSES. (An Uncommon Story.) By Mary L. Pendleton. Cassell.

THE PROUD PRINCE. (A Romantic Story.) By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Harper.

THE VICES OF THE VIRTUOUS. (A Study of "Smart" Society.) By the author of "Sir Anthony and the Thirty Years' War." Grant Richards.

THIRTY YEARS OF MUSICAL LIFE IN LONDON. (From 1870 to 1900.) By Hermann Klein. Heinemann.

ENGLAND'S SHAME.

AMONG THE BABY-WASTERS.

A WOMAN ADDS HER TESTIMONY TO MR. SHERARD'S INDICTMENT.

HUSH! It is only a baby! But tread softly, for somewhere half-way between earth and Heaven the angels are halting, undecided whether to leave it down here, or whether or not to take it home, where babies never waste away and never moan.

Ten days ago they seemed to be just stretching out their hands for it, but some had heard of these little pink and blue cribs where babies get better, and they brought it here. For ten days the angels have halted—it is just possible they will leave it here now.

Would you like to look at it? Pull back the blue coverlet gently, and loosen that soft, cosy blanket. Have you ever seen a baby quite so tiny, quite so blue looking? Have you ever seen arms quite so small—less in size than your finger, with such strange, transparent skin hanging emptily from a bone it; down the tiny fingers they look only like white threads showing through.

Only a Typical Baby.

If Matron lets you see its neck and shoulders, you will shiver and grow cold; you may see it in your dreams. You may waken again and again, seeing all the happy babies you love and dream about grown like one!

But it is only a really typical marasmic baby," Matron says—just a little East End waster, starved to just dying point. Not starved for want of food at all; but starved by having been fed on food that never really fed it, never nourished it. It is four months old and it weighs nearly 6lb., instead of the normal 4lb., for its age.

The other day one was brought in weighing just 3½ lbs. at a month old—healthy babies weigh 8lb. at birth. Not all the care of Dr. Ralph Vincent could save that, wonderful as are the effects that great man gets, who gives up absolutely free such unstinting measures of time and skill to these wasting babies.

Like Dead Rabbits."

Here are a little brother and sister, twins—one in a blue-trimmed crib, with a little blue "nightie"; the other in a pink crib with a pink "nightie." They came in when they were eight months old, the boy weighing 3½ lbs. instead of 18lbs. "They looked just like dead rabbits," says a sister in passing, "not a limb moved."

That was two months ago; to-day they are 4lbs. heavier—the girl still a pound ahead; she always beat her brother! And they can positively kick and crow! Across the ward is another baby. His name is John Bull, but he bears no resemblance to that national hero. He is rather long, and so very, very thin; so still and hushed-looking.

Something it gives you a curious feeling like that, too—you feel as though you couldn't speak above a whisper—as though in the presence of some fearful thing altogether too great for you!

That is exactly it! It is the presence of a fearful thing! It isn't exactly that it matters greatly that that particular baby weighed 7½ lbs. instead of 17lbs., and that it is like that all through the wards. It isn't exactly that life is such a joyous thing that one would wholly grieve to know them safe from some of the fighting!

The Hopeless Outlook.

It is that England is cursing herself with children like this by hundreds and by thousands, and by tens of thousands; children that can never make strong men, children that can never be even averagely developed men and women. How many can this hospital of St. Francis at Hampstead reach—the first of its kind in the world? It is those that don't die, and which it cannot reach and save, that matter. Those hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands who are just like that, but struggle through somehow, and for whom afterwards it can never be anything but struggle!

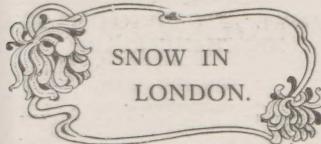
Of the system and its potentialities there will be another chance to write, but this stands out as the fact for England to grapple with—and she shows no sign of doing so—in the words of that hospital's own physician:—

At the present time it is an absolute impossibility for the poor mother to obtain for her infant the food essential to normal growth and development. The general milk supply in this country is altogether disgraceful. The milk is so contaminated by filth of every description that it is quite unsuitable for the purpose of infant feeding.

A "Tinkering" Remedy.

Is anything to be done about it? Mr. Sherard, with great optimism, speaks of our receiving a "report" from a Royal Commission on Physical Deterioration. At present it isn't even appointed! What we are at present put off with is a "committee" to consider whether it is worth while or necessary to have one! It consists of seven most estimable gentlemen, but it includes not one physician at all, no expert having intimate knowledge of the social and living conditions of the working-class or the poor, no expert in food supplies (or impossibilities!) in working-class and rural districts in the matter of milk, fruit, meat, and dinned foods!

Marion Elliott.

45 and 46, New Bond Street,
Monday Evening.

The first snow has fallen, and brought with it such cold that, if it only continues, the last two months of 1903 will do a great deal to redeem the character of a year quite unequalled for a series of unpleasant happenings in the way of weather.

In Piccadilly.

It is one of those problems which probably never will be solved, why, as soon as town begins to fill up, the powers that be immediately think fit to mend the road in one of the busiest thoroughfares in London. This time the spot chosen is at the Hyde Park Corner end of Knightsbridge, which this afternoon delayed the traffic for quite ten minutes; while further on, in Piccadilly and Bond-street, were stationed little parties of men either attending to the electric light or repairing the road.

There were but few open carriages to be seen about to-day; most people preferring closed windows and foot-warmer. The Duchess of Devonshire was shopping this morning, and so were Mrs. Seymour Corkran and her daughter, whose wedding takes place so shortly. Lady Mabel Crichton was out with a maid, but Lady Erne was driving this afternoon, and so was Lady Romney. Mrs. Macdonald was to be seen in Bond-street, where also were Lady de Trafford, Lady Colebrooke, on her way to Stratford House, Lady Crewe, warmly wrapped in furs, and Lady Kilmorey, dressed in smartest dark blue.

A Rendezvous.

Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Chaplin were centres of interest at Willis's Rooms, where they both turned in for lunch about two o'clock, and found there a number of other interesting people. Mrs. Ralph Sneyd, wearing black with a bright blue hat, was lunching with her husband; Baron and Baroness de Tuyll were together, the latter in grey with a black hat, and Countess Bibiani, with her husband, was another woman who looked noticeably nice. Lord Falconer, he is Lord Kintore's only son, was at the same table as the Duke d'Albe; Mr. Jack Cumming, Mr. Hugh Harrison, and Mr. Henry Milner occupied tables close by, and Mr. H. Williams was another man there.

Where People Are.

Lord and Lady Derby, who returned to Knowsley at the end of last week, have had some people staying with them for the week-end, including the daughters of Lord and Lady Gosford.

Lady Colville is staying at the Grosvenor Hotel.

Lord Wolseley, Sir Maurice Holtzman, Sir Arthur and Lady Rücker, and Sir Norman and Lady Lockyer have been spending the week-end with Sir Trevor and Lady Lawrence at Burford, near Leith Hill.

An Interesting Sale.

A magnificent collection of jewels and bijouterie, which are to be sold at Christie's on Thursday, are on view there to-morrow, and attract a great deal of notice. They were the property of the late Lady Beaujolais Dent, who inherited a great deal of valuable jewellery from her mother, Lady Charleville. She was a great connoisseur in these matters, and went on adding to her collection, which includes some very antique specimens, until only a short time before her death.

Dinners and Diners.

Monday is usually a very crowded night at the various big restaurants, as people return from the country, and numberless dinner-parties are generally given. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were among those to be seen at the Carlton to-night, and Sir Daniel and Lady Gooch and Mr. and Mrs. Drexel were others entertaining, while a very great many men included Prince Francis of Teck, Lord Elcho, Lord Grey, just back from Eastbourne, Lord Crofton, Lord Abinger, and Lord Howard de Walden.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Lord and Lady Iveagh, who entertain the King next week, are cousins as well as husband and wife. This is the second shooting party at Elvedon this season, but, in accordance with royal etiquette, some of the woods will not be shot over until His Majesty goes there. It is said that it was on His Majesty's advice that Lord Iveagh purchased Elvedon. Lord and Lady Iveagh have the unique distinction of having had three sons married within six months.

* * *

Lord Normanby, who, by-the-bye, has just been entertaining a large party of relations at Mulgrave Castle to meet his fiancée, is to be married in London directly after Christmas, and Miss Johnston Foster has decided not to have any bridesmaids. This engagement has been rather a long one, as it has taken Lord Normanby a considerable time to wind up the affairs connected with his school.

* * *

Miss Foster's only sister, and co-heiress with her in their late father's large property, is married to Lord Inchiquin, and they live

almost entirely at Dromoland Castle in the south of Ireland, having let Moore Park, their other place in Shropshire.

* * *

Princess Hatzfeldt has arrived at Claridge's till Christmas. She and Prince Hatzfeldt entertained a small party at Draycott (their country place in Gloucestershire) last week. The guests included Sir Bache and Lady Cunard, Princess "Baby" Hohenlohe, Miss Grey, and Count Hermann Hatzfeldt.

* * *

The latest accounts of Sir Trevor Chichele-Plowden are very reassuring. Sir Trevor had a fall from his bicycle some little time ago and broke his right arm, which never completely healed, and just a fortnight ago it was thought necessary to amputate the limb. Sir Trevor had a very distinguished career in India, and was knighted two years ago for his services.

* * *

He married some few years ago "en secondo noce," Miss Fitzherbert, who belongs to one of the oldest Catholic families in England. Sir Trevor has two daughters by his first marriage, Mrs. Labone, and the young Lady Lytton, who, as Miss Pamela Plowden, was one of the beautiful girls in London society.

* * *

King Peter of Servia gave a dance at the New Palace on the occasion of Princess Helen's eighteenth birthday, when his sister, Princess Anna Kara-Georgevich, did the honours. It was especially noticed that King Peter singled out Madame Lazarevich, and took her into supper. She is the wife of one of the generals who condemned the regicide officers.

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FROM THE
SAIRES

EXTRACT FROM MY HUNTING DIARY.

A large contingent were hospitably entertained on Saturday by Mr. and Mrs. Russell Monro, when the Cottesmore Hounds met at Somerby Hall. A fox found at the Punch Bowl gave the riders every opportunity of jumping fences, and enjoying themselves, as he took a very rideable line by Leesthorpe and Pickwell to below Cold Overton, returning to Somerby, where he was viewed. Hounds ran nicely back to Owston Wood, going away with a fresh fox up to the Lovers' Walk.

They eventually got to Allexton Wood, where they fell in with Mr. Ferne's Hounds, and hunted together as far as Vows Gorse. The shades of evening were closing round us as Thatchers and Isaacs called their respective packs apart, and we found ourselves many miles from home.

Yesterday was bleak and cold, with snow showers at intervals. The Quorn had a capital day's sport, finding at Houghton new covert. Hounds raced for sixteen minutes to Wysall, and from there hunted on at a good pace to Six Hills and Shoby Scolls. Up to date, the Quorn have had all the best gallops on the same day. The Cottesmore had a nice hunting run from Barnsdale Wood, by Hambleton, Whitewell village, into Cottesmore, and from there to Ashwell.

Amongst others out were Lady Marjorie Greville, Lord Helmsley, Lord and Lady Lonsdale, Mrs. Asquith, and Miss Daisy Leiter. Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie were driving.

"Lucy Glitters."



FISCALIS IN BIRMINGHAM.

A PEUCIARLY BLATANT FORM OF THE COMPLAINT.

Mrs. Brown Potter, supported by a chorus of British working men, and flanked by a flaming portrait of Mr. Chamberlain, last night gave a Fiscal recitation with a Protection chorus. This doubtless well-meant effort is alleged to have been intended to help forward Mr. Chamberlain's scheme. From the chorus we quote this poetic gem:—

"I pledge my word that the Empire needs Protection.
I pledge my word through Protection we will gain.
I pledge my word it will be ne'er fit the Nation."
Are the words of Mister Joseph Chamberlain."

In spite of the doggerel character of the verses, the sentiments were so thoroughly agreeable to the audience that the actress had to put up with frequent interruptions while the people applauded such sentences as "Our tariffs must be changed without delay."

She was many times recalled and there was a scene of wild enthusiasm at the close of the "turn."

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

TO-DAY'S CELEBRATIONS AT SANDRINGHAM.

Queen Alexandra is celebrating her fifty-ninth birthday at Sandringham to-day in a very quiet fashion. There have been occasions when the event has been observed with no little ceremony, but this year it is her Majesty's desire that the celebration shall be of a simple and homely character.

During the time the King and Queen are in residence at Sandringham an endeavour is made to carry out all engagements with the utmost privacy, so that they may enjoy to the full the seclusion afforded by their Norfolk home, and this rule will be rigorously followed this week.

Last year the King of Portugal was at Sandringham on her Majesty's birthday, but this year she will be surrounded only by members of the Royal Family and a few of her most intimate friends.

The King will have a shooting party out during the morning, and while they are thus engaged her Majesty will give attention to the numerous congratulatory messages she is accustomed to receive, as she makes it a practice to send gracious replies to all.

Her Majesty always receives an immense quantity of presents, and these have greatly increased in value of late years. Last year the King gave his Consort a magnificent tiara of turquoise and diamonds, and the King of Portugal's gift was a lovely tortoiseshell box.

This year her Majesty has received some beautiful gifts, the senders including the King of Denmark, the German Emperor, the Tsar, the King of Italy, and the King of Portugal. Not the least valued among the presents will be some little tokens of regard for "Dear Grannie," from the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who have made them with their own hands.

There will be the usual dinner party in the evening, and in the afternoon all the school children on the estate will be entertained to tea. Last year this function was served in the ball room at Sandringham House, when both the King and the Queen were present, and helped the youngsters to enjoy themselves, but this year, in order that her Majesty's desire for quietness may be carried out, the tea will be served in the various schools on the estate.



TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1.

"They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts." —Sir Philip Sidney.

Many happy returns to:—

The Queen Empress.
Lord Castleross.
Lord Northesk.
Mr. George Stopford.
Mr. Ernest Pouchot.

Lord Northesk, who succeeded his father in 1891, is a Captain in the 3rd Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment, and is descended from the famous Admiral Lord Northesk, who was third in command at Trafalgar. Lord Northesk was A.D.C. to Lord Linlithgow when Governor of Victoria. He has only one son, Lord Rosehill.

Lord Castleross is the eldest son of Lord Kenmare. His wife is a sister of the present Lord Revelstoke, and they have five children, three sons and two daughters. They have a lovely place at Killarney, and spend most of their time in Ireland.

WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:—

Biarritz.—Cool; maximum, 53; minimum, 40.

Cairo.—Sunny; forecast, colder; morning temperature, 52; afternoon, 68.

Cannes.—Nine hours' sunshine; snow on northern hills.

Naples.—Wet; temperature, 52; barometer falling.

Nice.—Sunshine; hill tops snow covered.

San Remo.—Fine; midday temperature, 61.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

The following naval appointments are announced:—
Captain S. H. M. Logan to Fire Queen, from command of Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth, January 1; Commanders E. Hyde Parker to Vivid for Euryalus, December 1; and Euryalus, January 5; C. F. Sowerby to Britannia, December 29; W. D. Church to King Alfred, December 22.

The Channel Fleet left Gibraltar yesterday, homeward bound. The battleship Albemarle arrived in a heavy gale.

Lieutenant Cockerell, Royal Berkshire Regiment, has been specially selected for service with the Egyptian Army.

Colonel Ferguson, on vacating his appointment as Adjutant-General of the Egyptian Army, will do duty with the 3rd Grenadier Guards.

The King has approved of the selection of Captain F. S. Sam'l. Ingledell, R.N., to be Junior Naval Officer in command when Royal Alfred is due to sail. He vacates the office on taking up his appointment to the command of the Cape of Good Hope station.

LADIES AT HOCKEY.

The Columbines beat Richmond yesterday by eight goals to two. The winners' forwards combined well, and Miss Corbet played for Richmond.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE. TONIGHT at 8.30. Preceded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT. MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

(LAST WEEKS) Shakespeare's KING RICHARD II. (LAST WEEKS)

MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15. Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten.—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. TWO SPECIAL MATINEES TO-MORROW (WEDNESDAY) AND WEDNESDAY, Dec. 9. IMPERIAL

COURT THEATRE. MR. J. H. LEIGH. Last Week of THE TEMPEST. Every Day at 2.30. No Evening Representations except BOTH PERFORMANCE and SOUVENIR NIGHT, Dec. 5. Box Office open 10 till 10. Telephone, 2024, Westminster.

SHAFTESBURY. Lesse, Geo. Musgrave WILLIAMS and WALKER. IN DOMINOMEY. The only real cake walk. MATINEES WED. and SAT. 2.15. NIGHTLY. 8.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. AUTUMN TOUR.—THIS WEEK, BOROUGH THEATRE, STRATFORD. The run of OLD HEIDELBERG will be resumed at the ST. JAMES'S on MONDAY, January 25.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchespole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared to purchase second-hand plates and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

MAN wants but little here below. Woman must have him.—We know.

HINDEY HAIR BIND, 6d. Essential new style coiffure.

SEEGER'S HAIR DYE.—Undetectable by one's best friend.

LOST AND FOUND.

DOG LOST.—£20 Reward.—Lost, on Friday evening, Nov. 20, in the Marylebone High-street, an Aberdeen terrier.

£40 reward will be paid on a recovery.—Apply, in first instance, to Mr. J. A. A., c/o Willing's, 162, Piccadilly, London.

LOST. gold watch, 23rd ult., Holborn. Reward, 22d. Address, Croydon.

£1 REWARD.—On Wednesday evening, between Victoria and Royal Court Theatre, gold bracelet, with pearls.—Cracknell, No. 5, Farnham-road, Streatham.

£20 REWARD.—Lost, on Friday evening 20th, outside Gailey Theatre, tortoiseshell opera glasses.—E. D. L., 18th, West Smithfield.

18th, MANCHESTER, medal found.—Communicate Forster, 11, Copthall-court, E.C.

SCIENTIFIC AND PAINLESS CHIROPODY AND MANICURE.

MISS OLGA SIRGOOD

is most successful in her treatment, and, owing to her many engagements, has arranged to receive clients till 6.30 p.m. Ten years' experience. Moderate fees. Ladies invited to appointment. Cosmetic and Toilet specialties. 4, Langham-place, W., First Floor.

CORSETS.—DO NOT THROW AWAY YOUR OLD FAVOURITES, when properly repaired they answer in every way the purpose of a NEW PAIR. We have special workrooms for CLEANING and generally RENOVATING old corsets. We also COPY them in three days. An estimate is sent in every case, and if not agreed to we return corsets earned and paid.

115, WESTBOURNE-GROVE, W., and branches. Please mention The Daily Mirror.

COAL. 1s. 6d.—UNEQUALLED in LONDON. LONDON COLLIERIES SUPPLY COMPANY, 102, Pancras-nd., N.W., and Somers Town High Level, N.W. Finsbury Silversmiths, 20th, Broad-st., Best Kitchen.... 1s. 6d. Best Bricks.... 20s. 6d. Coal.... 1s. 6d. Range Stoves.... 1s. 6d. Coke (per sack)... 1s. 6d. All qualities special value; trial solicited. Tel. 779 K.C.

BIRTHS.

BROWNREIGG.—On Nov. 26, at Lechlade Vicarage, Glos., the wife of Robert Green Brownreigge of a son.

COOPER.—On Nov. 28, at Ashfield, Bridgewater, Somerset, the wife of William Hume Cooper, Esq.

HAYDON.—On Nov. 25, at The Schools, Shrewsbury, the wife of W. D. Haydon, of a daughter.

PETTITT.—BORN.—On Nov. 25, at St. Peter's, Tottenham, 6, Oxford-street, W., the wife of William James Pettitt, of a daughter.

WATKINS.—On Nov. 25, at "Andreas" Malta, the wife of Lieutenant S. P. Watkins, Royal Engineers, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

DRINKWATER-JAY.—On Nov. 18, at St. Pancras Parish Church, London, by the Rev. H. L. Page, Vicar of the parish, assisted by the Rev. W. H. Fletcher, Vicar of St. Pancras, and the Rev. G. E. Terry Drury, M.D., Ch.M. Edin. M.R.C.S. Eng. Union, and Dr. Dur. of Grosvenor Lodge, Wrexham, to Katharine

Hughes, 2nd, daughter of Lord Union, and Marion Royal Free Hospital, eldest daughter of Henry Marion Jay, Esq., Ch.M. Aburd, F.R.C.S. M.R.C.P. L.M. Edin. M.R.C.S. Eng. Union, and Dr. Dur. of Grosvenor Lodge, Wrexham, to Katharine Williams, and grand-daughter of the late Charles Butler, M.R.C.S. Eng. Soc. Royal Benevolent Fund, also granddaughter of the late Sir Simon Jay, M.R.C.S. Eng. Union, and Dr. Dur. of Grosvenor Lodge, Wrexham, to Bartholomew's Hospital, of Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.

GOSSE.—BORN.—On Nov. 26, at St. Peter's Parish Church, Winton, Liverpool, the son of Mr. and Mrs. M.A., sixth son of Fred H. Gosse, Esq. J. B. Campbell, Esq., and Esq. J. E. Morgan.

HOLLOWAY-JEKYLL.—On Nov. 24, at Holy Trinity Church, Clapham-common, by the Rev. R. B. Littlewood, M.A., M.R.C.S. Eng. Union, and Dr. Dur. of Newlands, Cedar-road, Clapham-common, to Florence Beatrice, youngest daughter of James Richard Jekyll, Esq., of Newlands, and Florence Beatrice.

HOBURGH-LOCKYER.—On the 27th ult., at Eastbourne, J. M. Hoburgh, M.A., Oxon., grandson of the late Sir George Hoburgh, Bart., M.P., Hydrographer to the Honourable East India Company, to Mrs. Hoburgh, of Lockyer, Compton Croft, Eastbourne.

SEWELL.—BORN.—On Nov. 26, at St. Paul's Cathedral, Bonham, Captain Evelyn Pierse Sewell, M.B. Cam. R.A.M.C., son of the late Rev. H. D. Sewell, M.A., Vivar of Headcorn, Kent, and son of Captain Evelyn Pierse Sewell, grandson of the late Hon. Jonathan Sewell, LL.D., of Lower London, and Colonel Alexander Crombie, C.B., M.D., I.M.S., late by wife, Indian and Canadian papers, please copy.

DEATHS.

BASSETT.—On the 26th ult., Ralph Thurstan Bassett, of Crossways, Cambridge, aged 67.

CHISHOLM.—On Nov. 27, at 47, Harrow-road, W., the rest of his life. His nieces, the Misses Finney, Gwen, and Mabel, and his son, the late Mr. Chisholm, Esq., of the Exchequer, aged 87. Indian papers.

ETHERINGTON.—On Nov. 28, at 7, Chester-street, Granvenor-place, Mary Isabella, wife of C. J. Etherington, and widow of the late Cuthbert Edward Ellis, Esq., Merton, Middlesex.

GREGORY.—On Nov. 26, at 4, Carlos-place, Hugh Gregory, elder son of the late Colonel Gregory, R.A., and wife, aged 67.

HOUGH.—On Nov. 27, at 41, Northfield-road, Stamford-hill, N. 1, Samuel Hough, aged 67.

STEWART.—On Nov. 27, at Ashfield, near Falmouth, John Stephen, J.P., aged 85.

THOMAS.—On Nov. 27, at "Pant-leg," Mount-avenue, East Ham, the dearly-beloved wife of the Rev.

Evans Thomas.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—

2, CARMELITE STREET,

LONDON, E.C.

The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—

45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Refined," London.

PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of England at the rate of 1d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 8s. 9d.; for three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 11s. 9d.; for a year, 39s.

To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 1s. 3d.; for six months, 3s. 6d.; for twelve months, 6s.; payable in advance.

Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.," and

made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

that it contains all the nourishment their systems require, that accounts for more infant disease and mortality than any other separate cause.

It is simply a matter in which we need to cultivate fastidiousness and thus to set an example of equal fastidiousness to those who are not in the habit of considering such subjects seriously. But so long as we tolerate the display of skinned carcasses exposed outside butchers' shops to all the contaminations of the open air; so long as we deal with greengrocers who expose open baskets of vegetables on the pavement, or poulterers who festoon the outside of their premises with garlands of dead birds, we shall not even have begun to make an advance in this matter. To

say that these articles of food are afterwards washed is no excuse; the washing of the kitchen is an experience that the microbe survives without distress. The unpleasant truth is that much of our food is scientifically unclean, and we can imagine nothing which would make a greater difference to our health as a community than the universal realisation of that fact, and the universal application of the obvious remedy.

CAN WE 'AFFORD' TO FOLLOW MR. CHAMBERLAIN?

A WOMAN'S VIEW.

ANYONE may see by the Census of 1901 that the dwellers in England and Wales make up a large family of 33,000,000 mouths. The owners of those mouths may, for the purposes of my remarks, be grouped thus:—

ALL BUYERS.

In group A I place three million men who work and govern—or think they do; two million men who do nothing frankly and openly; and nineteen million women and children whose main business in life is to buy cheap, and also to govern the men.

BUYERS AND SELLERS.

In group B discover one million men and women who are middlemen, distributors of goods, and string-pullers of money-bags.

ALL SELLERS.

In this third group, called C, are six million men and two million women, more or less horny-handed or earth-stained, who produce with ceaseless activity all the family requires.

Enter to this happy family the foreign manufacturer, who may aptly be abbreviated D.

D is somewhat shy; A doesn't really want him, and C cannot bear him; so he hides behind B and disappears.

The Argument Plainly Stated.

Now the official and unofficial governors of this kingdom have among them put in force certain laws, of which the outcome is to fix prices, below which our group C cannot sell their goods and live.

This idea is rather puzzling. If I asserted that Government had fixed prices above which C might not sell his goods my statement would be understood at once, that is, C would be liable to punishment if he asked too much.

But it seems outrageous that any authority should punish a man for selling his own goods at too cheap a rate. Yet so it is, and the punishment is starvation; because these laws have a double effect. Firstly, they force C to spend more than is necessary on the manufacture of our requirements; and secondly, they allow D, with the help of B, to supply us with similar goods at prices less than such goods have cost C to manufacture. The result is, as follows:—D offers D's goods to A; since they are cheaper than C's, and therefore he can sell more of them, and A naturally buys D's goods, although C is slowly starving and dying (for testimony witness our agriculture).

There's the Rub.

Thanks then to D and B things are cheap to-day. A with its 24,000,000 mouths is glad now; B (including von D and Sam D) is a little pleased now; C may join A or B if he has time before he dies, or he may make jam—or go hang now. But how will it be with us when war, plagues, earthquakes, famines, and the unexpected occur, and D is forced to stay at home? Where will A be? A with all the mouths agape? We shall hear they want more, and it is not to be had, for our poor hardworking C has got too much to work.

Two other big D's—death and disease—will join our family as tutors, and we shall receive what is called "A National Lesson." The Great Plague was a national lesson. The Boer War was another. National lessons are expensive, and the survivors have to pay the cost.

The Conclusion of the Whole Matter.

Now let us consider whether we can "afford" to follow Mr. Chamberlain. Can we afford insurance premiums? We always answer "No" to this searching question, but the insurance agent knows better. Sooner or later we sign our policies, and the sooner we sign the better terms we get.

That is the point to which Mr. Chamberlain is leading us. "Let me," he says, "alter that outrageous law a little, and give our poor C at least as good, or even better, opportunities than D has to secure the family custom. Even if it does cost you another penny a week all round do not forget that there is an insurance coupon thrown in with the goods—and that the insurance company is the Empire." For myself, I shirk the national lesson, and am ready to pay the weekly premiums. As an individual I can scarcely afford to do it. As a nation I do not see how we can afford not to do it.

A FIVE O'CLOCK COMPLAINT.

The autograph "feud" has broken out in a new place. The autograph tea-cloth is now a popular craze. The unhappy celebrity of the hour has on an average a dozen tea-cloths a week left at his house with a request that he will put his usual signature upon them, in a few lines, for the autograph-hunters to "needwork" over. *Referees.*

Ye Britons, who wont to flock To tea and toast at o'clock, To seek a respite from your care, No longer hope to find it there!

Instead of worries left behind Your very tablecloth you'll find A kind of needle-worked Debrett Of all the names you'd fain forget.

There's Wilfrid Lawson (near the milk!) Next Rufus Isaacs (worked in silk), And—this is rather à propos— John Morley (worsted) by "Our Joe."

Though ills that irk and cares that bark Should flee where Twain has left his marks, They'll crowd upon you once again, When you behold the brand of Cain!

A. H. W.

DOUBLE HARNESS

BY ANTHONY HOPE



CHAPTER I.

Some Views of the Institution.

THE house—a large, plain white building with no architectural pretensions—stood on a high swell of the downs and looked across the valley in which Milldean village lay, and thence over more rolling stretches of close turf, till the prospect ended in the gleam of waves and the silver-grey mist that lay over the sea. It was a fine, open, free view. The air was fresh, with a touch of salt in it, and made the heat of the sun more than endurable—even welcome and nourishing. Tom Courtland, raising himself from the grass, and sitting up straight, gave utterance to what his surroundings declared to be a very natural exclamation:

"What a bore to leave this and go back to town!"

"Stay a bit longer, old chap," urged his host, Grantley Imason, who lay full length on his back on the turf, with a straw hat over his eyes and nose, and a pipe, long gone out, between his teeth.

"Back to my wife!" Courtland went on, without noticing the invitation.

With a faint sigh Grantley Imason sat up, put his hat on his head, and knocked out his pipe. He glanced at his friend with a look of satirical amusement.

"You're encouraging company for a man who's just got engaged," he remarked.

"It's the devil of a business—sort of thing some of those fellows would write a book about. But it's not worth a book. A page of strong and indiscriminate swearing—that's what it's worth, Grantley."

Grantley sighed again as he searched for his tobacco-pouch. The sigh seemed to hover doubtfully between a faint sympathy and a resigned boredom.

"And no end to it—none in sight! I don't know whether it's legal cruelty to throw library books and so on at your husband's head—"

"Depends on whether you ever hit him, I should think; and they'd probably conclude a woman never would."

"But what an ass I should look if I went into court with that sort of story!"

"Yes, you would look an ass," Grantley agreed. "Doesn't she give you—well, any other chance, you know?"

"Not she! My dear fellow, she's most aggressively the other way."

"Then why don't you give her a chance?"

"What! you mean—"

"Am I so very cryptic?" murmured Grantley, as he lit his pipe.

"I'm a Member of Parliament."

"Yes, I forgot. That's a bit awkward."

"Besides, there are the children. I don't want my children to think their father a scoundrel." He paused, and added grimly: "And I don't want them to be left to their mother's bringing-up, either."

"Then we seem to have exhausted the resources of the law."

"The children complicate it so. Wait till you have some of your own, Grantley."

"Look here—steady!" Grantley expostulated. "Don't be in such a hurry to give me domestic encumbrances. The bloom's still on my romance, old chap. Talking of children to a man who's only been engaged a week!" His manner resumed its air of languid sympathy as he went on: "You needn't see much of her, Tom, need you?"

"Oh, needn't I?" grumbled Courtland. He was a rather short, sturdily built man, with a high colour and stiff black hair, which stood up on his head. His face was not wanting in character, but a look of plaintive worry beset it. "You try living in the same house with a woman—with a woman like that, I mean!"

"Thanks for the explanation," laughed Grantley.

"I must go and wire when I shall be back, or Harriet'll blow the roof off over that. You come, too; a strown 'll do you good."

Grantley mumbled assent; and the two, leaving the garden by a little side gate, took their way along the steep road which led down to the village, and rose again on the other side of it, to join the main highway across the downs a mile and a half away. The lane was narrow, steep, and full of turns; the notice "Dangerous to Cyclists" gave warning of its character. At the foot of it stood the Old Mill House, backing on to a little stream. Farther on lay the church and the parsonage; opposite to them was the post-office, which was also a general shop and also had rooms to let to visitors. The village inn, next to the post-office, and a dozen or so of labourers' cottages, exhausted the shelter of the little valley, though the parish embraced several homesteads scattered about in dips of the downs, and a row of small new red villas at the junction with the main road. Happily these last, owing to the lie of the ground, were out

of sight from Grantley Imason's windows, no less than from the village itself.

"And that's the home of the fairy princess?" asked Courtland as they passed Old Mill House, a rambling, rather broken-down old place, covered with creepers.

"Yes; she and her brother moved there when the old rector died. You may have heard of him—the Chiddington who was an authority on Milton. No? Well, he was, anyhow. Rather learned all round, I fancy. Fellow of John's. But he took this living and settled down for life; and when he died the children were turned out of the rectory and took Old Mill House. They've got an old woman—well, she's not very old—with the unenviable name of Mumples living with them. She's been a sort of nurse-house-keeper-companion: a mixed kind of position—breakfast and midday dinner with the family, but didn't join his reverence's evening meal. You know the sort of thing. She's monstrously fat; but Sibylla loves her. And the new rector moved in a fortnight ago, and everybody hates him. And the temporary curate, who was here because the new rector was at Bournemouth for his health, and who lodged over the post-office, has just gone, and everybody's dashed glad to see the last of him. And that's all the news of the town. And, behold, Tom, I'm the squire of it, and every man, woman, or child in it, is unbroken tradition and custom, entitled to have as much port wine out of my cellar as his, her or their state of health may happen to require."

He threw off this chatter in a gay, self-contained fashion, and Tom Courtland looked at him with affectionate envy. The world had been very good to him, and he, in return, was always amiable to it. He had been born heir and only child of his father; had inherited the largest share in a solid old-fashioned banking-

protuberant, and his nose turned up, giving prominence to the nostrils.

"No family likeness, I hope?" Courtland found himself thinking; for though Jeremy was a vigorous, if not a handsome, masculine type, the lines were far from being those of feminine beauty.

"And he's enormously surprised and evidently rather shocked to hear I'm going to marry his sister—Oh, we can talk away, Jeremy; Tom Courtland doesn't matter. He knows all the bad there is about me, and wants to know all the good there is about Sibylla."

One additional auditor by no means embarrassed Jeremy; perhaps not a hundred

would have.

"Though, of course, somebody must have married her, you know," Grantley went on, smiling and stretching himself luxuriously, like a sleek, indolent cat.

"I hate marriage altogether!" exclaimed Jeremy.

Courtland turned to him with a quick jerk of his head.

"The deuce you do!" he said, laughing. "It's early in life to have come to that conclusion, Mr. Chiddington."

"Yes, yes, Jeremy, quite so; but—"

Grantley began.

"It's an invention of priests," Jeremy insisted, heatedly.

Courtland, scarred with fifteen years' experience of the institution thus roundly attacked, was immensely diverted, though his own feelings gave a rather bitter twist to his mirth. Grantley argued, or rather pleaded, with a deceptive gravity:

"But if you fall in love with a girl?"

"Heaven forbid!"

Courtland, "I should have kept out of a lot of trouble."

"And I should have kept out of a lot of scrapes," added Grantley.

"Of course you would!" snapped Jeremy. That point needed no elaboration.

"But surely there are exceptions among women, Jeremy?" Grantley pursued appealingly. "Consider my position!"

"What is man?" demanded Jeremy. "Well, let me recommend you to read Haeckel!"

"Never mind man. Tell us more about woman," urged Grantley.

"Oh, Lord! I suppose you're thinking of Sibylla?"

"I own it," murmured Grantley. "You know her well, you see."

Descending from the heights of scientific generalisation and from the search after that definition of man for which he had been in the end obliged to refer his listeners to another authority, Jeremy lost at the same time his gravity and vehemence. He surprised Courtland by showing himself owner of a humorous and attractive smile.

"You'd rather define man, perhaps, than Sibylla?" suggested Grantley.

"Sibylla's all right, if you know how to manage her."

"Just what old Lady Trederwyn used to say to me about Harriet," Courtland whispered to Grantley.

"But it needs a bit of knowing. She's got the deuce of a temper—old Mumples knows that. Well, Mumples has got a temper, too. They used to have awful rows—do still now and then. Sibylla used to fly out at Mumples, then Mumples sat on Sibylla, and then, when it was all over, they'd generally have a new and independent row about which had been right and which wrong in the old row."



"He turned round in his saddle, and caught her about the waist with his arm. . . . He held her close against him and kissed her face. When he let her go, and she reached earth, she sank to the ground and covered her face with both hands."

house; was now a director of the great joint-stock undertaking in which the family business had consented to merge itself on hand-some terms; had just as much work to do as he liked, and possessed, and always had enjoyed, more money than he needed. He was thirty-three now, and had been a social favourite even before he left school. If it was difficult to say what positive gain his existence had been to Society, there was no doubt that his extinction would at any time have been considered a distinct loss.

"A country squire with a rosy-cheeked country girl for wife! That's a funny ending for you, Grantley."

"She's not rosy-cheeked—and it's not an ending—and there's the post-office. Go in, and be as civil as you can to Lady Harriet."

A smile of pity, unmistakably mingled with contempt, followed Courtland into the shop. The tantrums of other men's wives are generally received with much the same mixture of scepticism and disdain as the witlessness of other parents' children. Both are seen large, very large indeed, by sufferers and admirers respectively.

The obligation of being as civil as he could to his wife caused Courtland to take three or four minutes in framing his telegram, and when he came out he found Grantley seated on the bench that stood by the inn and conversing with a young man who wore a very old coat and rough tweed knickerbockers. Grantley introduced him as Mr. Jeremy Chiddington, and Courtland knew that he was Sibylla's brother. Sibylla herself had not yet seen him. He had a shock of sandy hair, a wide brow, and a wide mouth; his eyes were rather

"Well, but the world must be peopled, Jeremy."

"Marriage isn't necessary to that, is it?"

"Oho!" whistled Courtland.

"We may concede the point—in theory," said Grantley; "in practice it's more difficult."

"Because people won't think clearly and bravely!" cried Jeremy, with a thump on the bench. "Because they're hidebound, and, as I say, the priests heaven-and-hell tell them they don't know where they are."

"Heaven-and-hell them! Good phrase, Jeremy! You speak feelingly. Your father, perhaps?—Oh, excuse me, I'm one of the family now."

"My father? Not a bit. Old Mumples now, if you like. However, that's got nothing to do with it. I'm going on the lines of pure reason. And what is pure reason?"

The elder men looked at one another, smiled, and shook their heads.

"We don't know; it's no use pretending we do. You tell us, Jeremy," said Grantley.

"It's just nature—nature—nature! Get back to that, and you're on solid ground. Why, apart from anything else, how can you expect marriage, as we have it, to succeed when women are what they are? And haven't they always been the same? Of course they have. Read history, read fiction (though it isn't worth reading), read science; and look at the world round about you."

He waved his arm extensively, taking in much more than the valley in which most of his short life had been spent.

"If I'd thought as you do at your age," said

"Not content with a quiet consciousness of rectitude, as a man would be?"

"Consciousness of rectitude? Lord! it wasn't that. That would have been all right. It was just the other way round. They both knew they had tempers, and Mumples is internally religious and Sibylla's generous to the point of idiocy in my opinion. So after a row, when Sibylla had cheeked Mumples and told her to go to the devil (so to speak), and Mumples had sent her to bed, or thumped her, or something, you know—"

"Let us not go too deep into family tragedies, Jeremy."

"Why, when it had all quieted down, and the governor and I could hear ourselves talking quietly again—"

"About marriage and that sort of question?"

"They began to have conscience. Each would have it borne in on her that she was a wicked girl alive, and saying she was the wickedest girl alive, and why hadn't Mumples pitched into her a lot more, and that she really loved Mumples better than anything on earth. Then Sibylla would weigh in, and call Sibylla the sweetest and meekest lamb on earth, and say that she loved Sibylla more than anything on earth, and that she—Mumples—was the worst-tempered and cruellest and unjuest woman alive, not fit to be near such an angel as Sibylla. Then Sibylla used to say that was it. Then Sibylla used to say that was it. And Sibylla, red Mumples only said it to wound her,

and Mumples got hurt because Sibylla wouldn't forgive her, when Sibylla, of course, wanted Mumples to forgive her. And after half an hour of that sort of thing, it was as likely as not that they'd have quarrelled worse than ever, and the whole row would begin over again."

Grantley lay back and laughed.

"A bit rough on you to give your things to—er—Mumples?" suggested Courtland.

"Just like Sibylla—just like any woman, I expect," opined Jeremy, but with a more resigned and better-tempered air. His reminiscences had evidently amused himself as well as his listeners.

"Wouldn't it have been better to have a preceptress of more equitable temper?" asked Grantley.

"Oh, there's nothing really wrong with Mumples; we're both awfully fond of her. Besides, she's had such beastly hard luck. Hasn't Sibylla told you about that, Imason?"

"No, nothing."

"Her husband was sent to quod, you know—got twenty years."

"Twenty years! By Jingo!"

"Yes. He tried to murder a man—a man who had swindled him. Mumples says he did it all in a passion; but it seems to have been a cold sort of passion, because he waited twelve hours for him before he knifed him. And at the trial he couldn't even prove the swindling, so he got it pretty hot."

"Is he dead?"

"No, he's alive. He's to get out in about three years. Mumples is waiting for him."

"Poor old woman! Does she go and see him?"

"She used to. She hasn't for years now. I believe he won't have her—I don't know why. The governor was high sheriff's chaplain at the time, so he got to know Mumples, and took her on. She's been with us ever since, and she can stay as long as she likes."

"What things one comes across!" sighed Tom Courtland.

Grantley had looked grave for a moment, but he smiled again as he said:

"After all, though, you've not told me how to manage Sibylla. I'm not Mumples—I can't thumb her. I should be better than Mumples in one way, though. If I did, I should be dead sure to stick to it that I was right."

"You'd stick to it even if you didn't think so?" observed Courtland.

For a moment the remark seemed to vex Grantley, and to sober him. He spent a few seconds evidently reflecting on it.

"Well, I hope not," he said at last. "But at any rate I should think so generally."

"Then you could mostly make her think so. But if it wasn't true, you might feel a brute."

"So I might, Jeremy."

"And it mightn't be permanently safe. She sees things uncommonly sharp sometimes. Well, I must be off."

"Going back to Haeckel?"

Jeremy nodded gravely. He was not susceptible to ridicule on the subject of his theories. The two watched him stride away towards Old Mill House with decisive, vigorous steps.

"Rum product for a country parsonage, Grantley."

"Oh, he's not a product; he's only an embryo. But I think he's a promising one, and he's richly amusing."

"Yes, and I wonder how you're going to manage Miss Sibylla!"

Grantley laughed easily. "My poor old chap, you can't be expected to take a cheerful view. Poor old Tom! God bless you, old chap! Let's go home to tea."

As they walked by the parsonage a bicycle came whizzing through the open garden-gate. It was propelled by a girl of fifteen or thereabouts—a slim, long-legged child, almost gaunt in her immaturity, and lamentably grown-out of her frock. She cried shrill greeting to Grantley, and went off down the street, displaying her skill to whosoever would look by riding with her arms akimbo.

"Another local celebrity," said Grantley.

"Dora Hutting, the new parson's daughter. That she should have come to live in the village is a gross personal affront to Jeremy Chiddington. He's especially incensed by her lengthy stretch of black stockings, always, as he maintains, with a hole in them."

Courtland laughed inattentively.

"I hope Harriet'll get that wire in good time," he said.

No remark came into Grantley's mind, unless it were to tell his friend that he was a fool to stand what he did from the woman. But what was the use of that? Tom Courtland knew his own business best. Grantley shrugged his shoulders, but held his peace.

CHAPTER II.

The Fairy Ride.

COURTLAND went off early next morning in the dog-cart to Fairhaven Station—no railway line ran nearer Milldean—and Grantley Imason spent the morning lounging about his house, planning what improvements could be made and what embellishments provided against the coming of Sibylla. He enjoyed this pottering both for its own sake and because it was connected with the thought of the girl he loved. For he was in love—as much in love, it seemed to him, as a man could well be. "And I ought to know," he said, with a smile of reminiscence, his mind going back to earlier affairs of the heart, more or less serious, which had been by no means lacking in his career. He surveyed them without remorse, though one or two might reasonably have evoked that emotion, and with no more regret than lay in confessing that he had shared the follies common to his

age and his position. But he found great satisfaction in the thought that Sibylla had had nothing to do with any of the persons concerned. She had known none of them; she was in no sense of the same set with any one of the five or six women of whom he was thinking; her surroundings had always been quite different from theirs. She came into his life something entirely fresh, new, and unconnected with the past. Herein lay a great deal of the charm of this latest, this final affair. For it was to be final—for his love's sake, for his honour's sake, and also because it seemed time for such finality in that ordered view of life and its stages to which his intellect inclined him. There was something singularly fortunate in the chance which enabled him to suit his desire to this conception, to find the two things in perfect harmony, to act on rational lines with such a full and even eager assent of his feelings.

He reminded himself, with his favourite shrug, that the talk of chance was to fall into an old fallacy; but the sense of accident remained. The thing had been so entirely unplanned. He had meant to buy a place in the North; it was only when the one he wanted had been snapped up by somebody else that the agents succeeded in persuading him to come and look at the house at Milldean. It happened to take his fancy, and he bought it.

Then he happened to be out of sorts, and stayed down there an unbroken month, instead of coming only from Saturday to Monday. Again, Sibylla and Jeremy had meant to go away when the rector died, and had stayed on only because Old Mill House happened to fall vacant so opportunely. No other house was available in the village. So the chances went on, till chance culminated in that meeting of his with Sibylla; not their first encounter, but the one he always called his meeting with her in his own thoughts—that wonderful evening when all the sky was red, and the earth, too, looked almost red, and the air was so still. Then he had been with her in his garden, and she, forgetful of him, had turned her eyes to the heavens, and gazed and gazed. Presently, and still, as it seemed, unconsciously, she had stretched out her hand and caught his in a tight grip, silently but urgently demanding his sympathy for thoughts and feelings she could not express. At that moment her beauty seemed to be born for him, and he had determined to make it his.

He smiled now, saying that he had been as impulsive as the merest boy, thanking Fortune that he could rejoice in the impulse instead of condemning it—an end which *a priori* would have seemed much the more probable. In nine cases out of ten it would have been foolish and disastrous to be carried away in an instant like that. In his case it had, at any rate, not proved disastrous. From that moment he had never turned back from his purpose, and he had nothing but satisfaction in its now imminent accomplishment.

"Absolutely the right thing! I couldn't have done better for myself."

He stood still once in the middle of the room, and said these words aloud. They exhausted the subject, and Grantley sat down at his writing-table to answer Mrs. Raymore's letter of congratulation. He had never been in love with Mrs. Raymore, who was his senior by ten years; but she was an old and intimate friend—perhaps his most intimate friend. She had been more or less in his confidence while he was wooing Sibylla, and a telegram apprising her of his success had called forth the letter to which he now owed a response.

"If I had been a poor man," he wrote in the course of his reply, "I wouldn't have married—least of all a rich wife. Even as a well-to-do man, I wouldn't have married a rich wife. You have to marry too much besides the woman. And I didn't want a Society woman, nor anybody from any of the sets I've knocked about with. But I did want to marry. I want a wife, and I want the dynasty continued. It's come direct from father to son for five or six generations, and I didn't want to stand on record as the man who stopped it. I'm entirely contented; no less with the project than with the lady. It will complete my life. That's what I want—a completion, not a transformation. She'll just do this for me. If I had taken a child and trained her I couldn't have got more exactly what I want; and I'm sure you'll think so when you come to know her. Incidentally, I am to acquire a delightful brother-in-law. He'll always be a capital fellow; but, alas! he won't long be the jewel he is now; just at that stage between boy and man, hobbled by, as you women used to make me so furious by calling me—breathing fury against all institutions, especially those commonly supposed to be of divine origin; learned in ten thousand books; knowing naught of all that falls under the categories of men, women, and things; best of all, blindly wrath at himself because he has become, or is becoming, a man, and can't help it, and can't help feeling very much."

Grantley ended his letter with a warm tribute to Mrs. Raymore's friendship, assurances of all it had been to him, and a promise that marriage should, so far as his feelings went, in no way lessen, impair, or alter the affection between them.

"He's very nice about me," said Mrs. Raymore, when she had finished reading; "and he says a good deal about the brother-in-law, and quite a lot about himself. But, really, he says hardly one word about Sibylla!"

Now it was, of course, about Sibylla that Mrs. Raymore had wanted to hear.

Late afternoon found Grantley cantering over the downs towards Fairhaven. Sibylla had been staying the night there with a Mrs.

Valentine, a friend of hers, and was to return by the omnibus which plied to and from Milldean. Their plan was that he should meet her and she should dismount, leaving her luggage to be delivered. He loved his horse, and had seized the opportunity of slipping in a ride. When she joined him, he would get off and walk with her. As he rode now he was not in the calm mood which had dictated his letter. He was excited and eager at the prospect of meeting Sibylla again; he was exulting in the success of his love, instead of contemplating with satisfaction the orderly progression of his life. But still he had not, and knew he had not, quite the freedom from self-consciousness which marks a youthful passion. The eagerness was there, but he was not surprised, although he was gratified, to find it there. His ardour was natural enough to need no nursing; yet Grantley was inclined to caress it. He laughed as he let his horse stretch himself in a gallop; he was delighted, and a trifle amused, to find his emotions so fresh: none of the luxury, none of the pleasure-giving power, had gone out of them. He was still as good a lover as any man.

He was cantering over the turf thirty or

forty yards from the road when the omnibus passed him. The driver cried his name, and pointed back with his whip. Grantley saw Sibylla a long way behind. He touched his horse with the spur, and galloped towards her. Now she stood still waiting for him. He came up to her at full speed, reined in, and leapt off. Holding his bridle and his hat in one hand, with the other he took hers, and, bowing over it, kissed it. His whole approach was gallantly conceived and carried out.

"Ah! you—come to me like Sir Galahad!" murmured Sibylla.

"My dear, Sir Galahad!"

"Well, do bankers kiss the hands of paupers?"

"Bankers of love would kiss the hands of its millionaires."

"And am I a millionaire of love?"

Grantley let go her hand and joined in her laugh at their little bout of conceits. She carried it on, but merrily now, not in the almost painful strain of delight which had made her first greeting sound half-choked.

"Haven't I given it all to you—to a dishonest banker, who'll never let me have it back?"

"We pay interest on large accounts,"

Grantley reminded her.

"You'll pay large, large interest to me?"

She laid her hand on his arm, and it rested there as they began to walk, the good horse Rollo pacing soberly beside them.

"All the larger if I've embezzled the principal! That's always the way, you know!" He stopped suddenly, laughing, "it's quite safe!" and kissed her.

He held her face a moment, looking into the depths of her dark eyes. Now he forgot to be amused at himself or even gratified. If he was not as a boy-lover, it was not because he advanced with less ardour, but that he advanced with more knowledge; not because he abandoned himself, but that he knew to what the self-abandonment was.

She walked along with a free swing under her short cloth skirt; evidently she could walk thus for many a mile with no slackening and no fatigue. The wind had caught her hair, and blew it from under and round about, and even over the flat cap of red that she wore; her eyes gazed and glowed and cried joy to him. There under the majestic spread of sky, amid the exhilaration of the salt-tasting air, on the green swell of the land, by the green and blue and white of the sea, she was an intoxication. Grantley breathed quickly as he walked with her hand on his wrist.

"It's so new," she whispered in a joyful apology. "I've never been in love before. You have! Oh, of course you have! I don't mind that—not now. I used to before—before you told me. I used to be very jealous! I couldn't be jealous now—except of not being allowed to love you enough."

"When I'm with you I've never been in love before."

"I don't believe you ever have—not really. I don't believe you could—without me to help you!" She laughed at her boast as she made it, drumming her fingers lightly on his arm; his blood seemed to register each separate touch with a beat for each. "When we're married, Grantley, you shall give me a horse, such a good horse, such a fast horse—as good and as fast as dear old Rollo. And we'll ride—we'll ride together—oh, so far and so fast against the wind, right against it breathlessly! We'll mark the setting sun, and we'll ride straight for it, never stopping, never turning. We'll ride straight into the gold, both of us together, and let the gold swallow us up."

"A bizarre ending for a respectable West End couple!"

"No ending! We'll do it every day!" She turned to him suddenly, saying: "Ride now. You mount—I'll get up behind you."

"What! You'll be horribly uncomfortable."

"Who's thinking of comfort? Rollo can carry us easily. Mount, Grantley, mount! Don't go straight home. Ride along the cliff. Come, mount, mount!"

She was not to be denied. When he was mounted, she set her foot lightly on his, and he helped her up.

"My arm round your waist!" she cried.

"Why, I'm splendid here. Gallop, Grantley, gallop! Think somebody's pursuing us and trying to take me away."

"Must poor Rollo drop down dead?"

"No, but we'll pretend he will!"

Now and then he cried something back to her as they rode; but for the most part he knew only her arm about him, the strands of

her hair brushing against his cheek as the wind played with them, her short, quick breathing behind him. The powerful horse seemed to join in the revel, so strong and easy was his gait as he playfully pulled and tossed his head. They were alone in the world, and the world was very simple—the perfect delight of the living body, the unshaded union of soul apt to soul—all nature fostering, inciting, applauding. It was a great return to the earliest things, and nothing lived save those. They rode more than king and queen; they rode god and goddess in the youth of the world, descended from high Olympus to take their pleasure on the earth. They rode far and fast against the wind, against it breathlessly. They rode into the gold, and the gold swallowed them up.

The blood was hot in him, and when first he heard her gasp "Stop!" he would pay no heed. He turned the horse's head towards home, but they went at a gallop still. He felt his head fall against his shoulder. It rested here. Her breath came quicker, faster; he seemed to see her bosom rising and falling in the stress. But he did not stop. Again her voice came, strangled and faint:

"I can't bear any more. Stop! stop!"

One more wild rush, and he obeyed. He was quivering all over when they came to a stand. Her bold round him loose; she was about to slip down. He turned round in his saddle and caught her about the waist with his arm. He drew her off the horse and forward to his side. He held her thus with his arm, exulting in the struggle of his muscles. He held her close against him and kissed her face. When he let her go and she reached earth, she sank on the ground and covered her face with both hands, all her body shaken with her gasps. He sat on his horse for a moment, looking at her. He drew a deep inspiration, and brushed drops of sweat from his brow. He was surprised to find that there seemed now little wind, that the sun was veiled in clouds, that a wagon passed along the road, that a dog barked from a farmhouse, that the old ordinary humdrum world was there.

He heard a short, stifled sob.

"You're not angry with me?" he said. "I was rough to you? I couldn't bear to stop at first."

She showed him her face. Her eyes were full of tears; there was a deep glow on her cheeks, generally so pale. She sprang to her feet and stood by his horse, looking up at him.

"I angry? You rough? It has been more than I know happiness could be. I had no idea joy could be like that, no idea life had anything like that. And you ask me if I'm angry and if you were rough! You're opening life to me, showing me why it is good, why I have it, why I want it, what I'm to do with it. You're opening it all to me. And all the beauties come out of your dear hand, Grantley. Angry? I know only that you're doing this for me, only that I must give you in return, in a poor return, all I have and am, and can be—must give you my very, very self."

He was in a momentary reaction of feeling; his earnestness was almost sombre as he can be.

"God grant you're doing right!"

"I'm doing what I must do, Grantley."

He swung himself off his horse, and the ready smile came to his face.

"I hope you'll find the necessity a permanent one," he said.

She too laughed joyfully as she submitted to his kiss.

It was her whim, urged with the mock impetuosity of a petted slave, that he should mount again, and she walk by his horse. Thus they wended their way home through the peace of the evening. She talked now of how he had first come into her life, of how she had begun to—. She hesitated, ending, "How I began first to feel you," and of how, little by little, the knowledge of the feeling had disclosed itself. She was wonderfully open and simple, very direct and unabashed; yet there was nothing that even his fastidious and much-tasted taste found indecent or even forward.

In glad confidence she told all, careless of keeping any secrets or any defences against him. The seed had quickened in virgin soil, and the flower had sprung up in a night—almost by magic, she seemed to fancy. His listened tenderly and indulgently. The flame of his emotion had burnt down, but there was an after-glow which made him delightfully content with her, interested and delighted in her, still more thoroughly satisfied with what he had done, even more glad that she was different from all the others with whom he had been thrown. While she displayed to him at once the joy and the spontaneity of her abandonment of her whole existence and self to him, she made him surer of his wisdom in taking her, and all she offered, more convinced of the excellency of this disposition of his life. She could give him all he pictured as desirable—the stretches of tranquillity, the moments of strong feeling. She had it in her to give both, and she would give all she had to give. In return he gave her his love. No analysis seemed needful there. She gave her the love of his heart and the shelter of his arm; what more he could give her his afternoon had shown. But in the end it was all contained and summed up in a word—he gave his love.

They came to the crest of the hill where the road dipped down to Milldean, and paused there.

"What a wonderful afternoon it's been!" she sighed.

The enchantment of it hung about her still, expressing itself in the gleam of her eyes and in her restlessness.

"It's been a very delightful one," he leaned down and whispered to her. "It's given us something to look back on always."

To be Continued in to-morrow's "Daily Mirror."



The Queen as an Arbiter of the Modes.

A RETROSPECT.

ONE WHOM FASHION HAS NEVER DOMINATED.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, whose birthday we celebrate to-day, was the daughter of a mother who was a past mistress in the art of dress, for the late Queen Louise of Denmark long enjoyed the reputation of being the best-dressed woman in Europe, not so much as regarded the costliness of her attire as the exquisite taste that characterised it. Queen Alexandra during all the years she has lived in this country has always dominated fashion rather than been dominated by it. She has never gone to extremes. Her dress has been harmonious and exactly suitable to the occasion and to her own dignity, and she has never succumbed to the vanity of not appearing twice in the same toilette.

The story goes that even on her wedding-day she discarded the white satin shoes prepared for her, and substituted a pair of quaint silver slippers offered her the previous evening by the Maharajah Duleep Singh, who was among the guests assembled to greet her at Windsor Castle.

Two months elapsed after her wedding before the peerless Princess appeared in any colour save bridal white, but in June, 1863, when she held her second drawing-room, the skirt of her robe was a delicate shade of mauve, and the first coloured flowers she wore were periwinkles, only a few weeks later.

On her first visit to Scotland Princess Alexandra's dress was extremely quiet, almost quakerish; grey poplin with a black velvet cloak lined with white satin, and a neat little white bonnet. Thus attired she drove with the Prince of Wales from their hotel at Holyrood, and won the suffrages of the somewhat puritanical Scots, who saw in her a sensible woman warmly clad for the October morning, and in such tints as they liked their own wives and daughters to go to "kirk" in.

Though the crinoline was then in

An elegant evening coat of ivory cloth, black spotted net and white chenille fringe.

Vogue, Princess Alexandra never wore a great deal of it. Well graduated and of moderate size, it was allowed to distend her skirts just

The gloves shown in the adjoining picture are fur-lined ones, for motor-car wear, cosily strapped at the wrists, where ordinarily the cold is very acutely felt, resulting in roughness of the cuticle.

SKETCHED AT PETER ROBINSON'S.

that verge on purple. She is, moreover, a woman who knows how to grow old gracefully, and with all her queenly dignity blends



enough and not too much for the popular fashion, which was never in any foreign capital as much exaggerated as in London.

the subdued hues of life's early autumn and wears them with the grace that is even comelier than the dew of youth.

EVENING WRAPS.

THE TRIUMPH OF DELICATELY-TONED CLOTHS.

THE modest world verily overflows with delights, and I am prepared with a special plea for soupe cloth in connection with recherche evening wraps.

Reflecting, and with infinite pleasure, moreover, on a galaxy of beauteous evening wraps recently revealed to me at Messrs. Peter Robinson's, Oxford-street, I find an irresistible temptation to begin always at the sleeves, as proving the chief component part of the large majority of these lovely wholies. It is surely too old a story to need reiteration, that this particular mantle department is unique alike in comprehensiveness and choice. Indeed, it was the realisation of the overwhelming choice obtaining that urged me to concentrate on "Le dernier cri" only, since there is no finer law in the creed of fashionable dressing, nor one more directly tending to economy, than to be in advance rather than behind the dictates of La Mode.

At a Representative Establishment.

Striking the first note of pleasurable recollection comes a three-quarter length champagne soupe cloth sacque, a plethora of little capes falling about the shoulders, stitched, as is also the collar, with a discreet sprinkling of tiny silver buttons, and glorious sleeves drawn into great turned-back cuffs, some effectively heavy knotted cords falling down either side the front. Several ivory cloth models fight for precedence, though the palm perchance is due to the model pictured here, which reveals a telling triple alliance of ivory cloth, deep white chenille fringe, and fancy spotted black net, these three artistically woven in the one with the other, by an applique of écrû guipure, while an accentuation of the sable touch occurs in long knotted velvet ends measuring the whole length of the figure in front.

Another most desirable model, wherein ivory cloth and a deep silk fringe are sympathetically allied, carries a lovely galon worked with a delicate design of shamrock, a trimming that is introduced on corded silk revers, which may be worn either open or closed, the latter position lending prominence to long stole ends of the galon, trellised over with heavy ivory silk cord. And yet one more, a creation of superlative style, boasting a chinois cut of sleeve. This falls around the figure in adorable folds, the long lines broken by two horizontal inset bands of Irish crochet mounted over a veil of mole-coloured chiffon. And such a quaint decorative motif finishes the front, in the form of two large diamond applications of plaited silk braid, weighted by exceedingly long white silk tassels.

Of the immediate future, and indescribably distinctive, is a full length semi-fitting coat of pale blue cloth, ornamented with an applique of chinchilla plush, skilfully dovetailed into large medallions of white Broderie Anglais. One dwells with unqualified pleasure over the mere written description of such a clever and original commingling of materials and colour.

And many there are who will pause in envious admiration before the charms of a plissé grey cloth wrap, with a wondrously manipulated sleeve, and a singularly fascinating cape. And with this the unexpected

Smart stocks, collars, and fanciful-looking purse-bags composed of steel and coloured beads are as modish as ever. They form delightful little presents for the purchaser in quest of Christmas gifts.

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Great Bridge Contest: The Eighth Coupon.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

To-day we reprint the EIGHTH COUPON. Those who have not yet entered for the Tournament should procure copies of the *Daily Mirror* for Nov. 20, 24, 26, and 28 (which contain the seven previous coupons), and send all in the eight together, *carefully observing the rules* which appeared in yesterday's issue, and will appear again to-morrow. Those who have already sent in Coupons 1 to 7 have now to forward the coupon on this page.

♦ £150 TO BE GIVEN AWAY. ♦

Everybody who can play a game of Bridge can enter for the Tournament. The entrance fee is a mere trifle, and the prospective gain is very large. If you sit down to play a friendly rubber you may hold such bad cards that you necessarily lose, despite all your endeavours. But in the play of our coupons it does not matter whether you win or lose points; if the hand is played simply, straightforwardly, and well, you will win a prize.

♦ THE CASH PRIZES. ♦

The proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* offer, as a free gift, the sum of

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

One hundred pounds of this and the whole of the entrance fees received from the competitors will be divided among those who send in the best set of sets of replies to the complete series of coupons. If two or more competitors tie, the money will be divided equally among them. The remaining

♦ FIFTY POUNDS ♦

will be distributed in consolation prizes among the unsuccessful competitors. Beginners need not be afraid to enter. Many experts will fail through hunting for difficulties which do not exist.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

♦ THE "ELEVEN RULE." ♦

"D.G.S." asks if we will explain the rationale of the "Eleven Rule," which was "discovered"—if the term is applicable—by R. F. Foster and E. F. Benecke simultaneously. Though quite simple to understand, its explanation would require some space; and we would refer our inquirers to the excellent articles on Bridge for beginners which began in the "Evening News" of Saturday last.

♦ IS CONSISTENCY A VIRTUE? ♦
"Rajah" would like to know whether a competitor, who has begun by using the Blenheim Leads in the earlier coupons, may abandon them in the later ones. We can only repeat that he is at liberty to do just as he likes. But we are bound to add that it does not appear that a policy of chopping and changing is likely to result in a consistent and intelligible series of solutions.

♦ A SHORT CUT TO FORTUNE. ♦
"H.S.B." wishes to call our attention to an advertisement which she clips from a morning daily paper, and which offers to supply "correct solutions, by an expert," to our Tournament coupons for the modest sum of two shillings apiece. The usual "reduction on taking a quantity" is allowed, the "complete set" being sacrificed at One Pound! Considering that the whole series of re-

plies (if correct) will entitle the fortunate possessor to receive (say) a couple of hundred pounds, this offer can only be prompted by motives of pure benevolence. Any one of a selfish or grasping disposition would naturally use his valuable knowledge for his own benefit.

♦ WHO IS THE EXPERT? ♦

To our correspondent it seems that "this suggestion, if acted upon, would be rather hard on the inexpert competitors who are working out the solutions themselves." We do not think that they need be discouraged. Let us tell "H. S. B." a secret. Some of these "experts" do not know as much as they think they do.

♦ WANTED: A RUBBER. ♦

(To the Bridge Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

Sir,—I live in London, yet am unable to obtain a game of Bridge! Can you help me?

I am a very moderate player, full of enthusiasm, but short of practice. The club points are higher than I can afford, and in my immediate circle of friends no interest is taken in the game.

I shall be very grateful if you can make any suggestion which will help me to overcome the difficulty.—Yours, etc.,

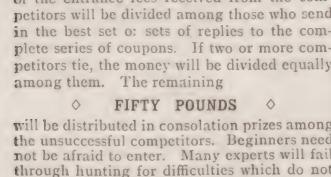
OUTSIDER.

The writer resides in the neighbourhood of Victoria Station, London. Some of our readers may perhaps be able to assist him.—Ed.]

♦ A TRUMP DECLARATION DOUBLED. ♦

"F.B.T." suggests our adding to our elementary code a rule "he has found invaluable, viz., When your partner has doubled trumps, you should immediately lead him your best trump."

We cannot give our adhesion to the rule, enunciated in so unqualified a form. If the dealer has declared Hearts or Diamonds, and our partner doubles, we (being leader) do not lead him a trump unless we have otherwise good reason for so doing. The strength in the trump suit being probably divided between third hand and dealer, it is unwise to give the latter the advantage of being fourth player in the suit. The dealer himself will be sure to lead through your partner's trumps on every convenient opportunity, and you are not doing well to help him in his game. When a trump suit has been chosen by Dummy, it is wholly different. A trump lead is then *à rigueur*. If you have the ace of trumps, lead it. If not, lead according to the number you hold.



Score: AB, 20; YZ, 14. Z deals and leaves it. Y declares Diamonds. A leads ♠ K.

Write out in some convenient form what you consider to be the correct play of the above deal. The cards are not to be played out if they were all known, but just as they would fall in an ordinary game, Dummy's (Y's) hand being the only one laid face upwards on the table. The object is not to make YZ win extra tricks—to which they are not fairly entitled—through the mistakes of A and B; but to record the play and the result, on the understanding that each player is to do his best, so far as he knows the cards.

State legibly at the head of your reply the total number of tricks won by Y and Z.

Name
Address

Nome de Guerre
or
Initials

PETER ROBINSON, LTD. OXFORD STREET, W.



BRIDGE. BRIDGE.

THE LADY'S PICTORIAL: "Mr. Foster's book is the standard work on the game, and a reliable guide to playing Bridge properly and on definite lines, and to be without 'Foster's Bridge' is almost tantamount to being out of the movement so far as the game is concerned."

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Mention Daily Mirror.

J. W. BENSON, Ltd., 62 and 64, Ludgate Hill, E.C.



THE WASHING OF WOOLLEN ARTICLES.

FLANNEL and all woollen articles need the greatest care and quickness in washing. Only one garment must be done at a time, and the fabric should neither be steeped, wrung, nor twisted in the wash, and should not be left about when wet.

What Dissolved Soap Means.

Three baths of tepid water are required during the process of washing, as hot water dissolves the natural oil in the wool and causes it to shrink. Cold water will make it hard, and soda put into the water will spoil it altogether. To two of the baths of tepid water add sufficient dissolved soap to make a permanent lather. Soap is best dissolved by shredding a quarter of a pound into a quart of water, putting it in an enamelled pan, and stirring it over a slow fire until all the soap is melted. This mixture is then dropped into the two baths of tepid water until the permanent lather is obtained, and must be stirred sufficiently into the third bath to soften the water.

For white woollens ammonia may be added to the rinsing water, and this may also be used for coloured articles. A teaspoonful of borax, previously dissolved in boiling water and strained, may be added to the rinsing water when coloured articles are washed, but it is not necessary if the water be softened with dissolved soap.

Precautions for New Flannel.

Before washing a woollen garment shake it well in the open air to get rid of the dust that collects in the seams and clings to the material. After shaking it, plunge the garment the right side out into the first bath of tepid water and soap lather. Do not rub flannel or it will shrink, but recollect that new flannel must be soaped all over before it is washed in order to remove the particles of sulphur.

Beginning with the small parts squeeze the lather through the garment, and pay particular attention to any very soiled portions. Should there be any linen bands on the garment they should be washed first. When the right side has had the lather pressed well through it, squeeze out the dirty soapy water, give the garment a good shake, turn it to the wrong side, and repeat the process in the second bath of tepid water and soap lather. Press the lather through the fabric, and when it has been well washed, squeeze out the soapy water, shake the garment again, and rinse it in the prepared rinsing water. Never rinse woollens in cold water, or they will become hard.

After the rinsing process is complete, squeeze out the water, shake the piece well, and if there be a wringer pass it through, as the rollers will press out the water without twisting the fibres of the material. Next spread

out the garment flat on a clean table, and pull it into shape, remembering that to dry flannels too quickly is harmful to them, and causes them to shrink. Fine flannels should be pressed out when nearly dry with a rather cool iron, as a hot iron will scorch the material, and will also induce shrinkage.

How to Treat a Woolen Shawl.

Always begin ironing a flannel garment with the small parts and trimmings. Thus, if a petticoat has to be dealt with, start with the band, and then proceed to the flounce of embroidered flannel; pull out the scallops if there be any, spread a damp handkerchief over the wrong side, and press it out with a fairly hot iron. Worsted lace must be carefully ironed into shape and pressed out in the same way. Flannel blouses should have the neckband and yoke ironed first, then the sleeves, and after that the rest of the blouse, beginning at one side and working all the way round. As a rule knitted garments should not be ironed, but should merely be pulled into shape. Should they have any tapes, these must be pressed out.

Woollen shawls are washed in the same way as flannels, in two baths of tepid water and dissolved soap. They should be well shaken after being rinsed, passed through the wringer, shaken again, and then spread out to dry on a clean sheet. They should be tacked to a sheet to prevent them getting pulled out of shape. If there be a fringe it should be carefully brushed out, or it will have a matted appearance when dry.

The Washing of Hosiery.

After the flannels are washed pour away the water, and provide fresh for the process of washing stockings. The reason for this is that after two or three flannel articles have been washed the water becomes full of little white particles of fluff that will stick to the stockings and spoil their appearance. Prepare the baths of tepid water as directed for the flannels and wash the stockings one by one, as this really does not take much time, and the result repays the labour.

Put the stockings into the water right side out, place the hand into the foot of the stocking, which should be well rubbed with the soap, and squeeze the lather through it. Press the water out, and be careful never to twist nor wring a stocking, turn it wrong side out, and repeat the process in the second bath of water. Press out the soapy water and rinse the stocking well. When washing black stockings put a little ammonia in the rinsing water, as this is better than the blue water used by some people.

After pressing the water out of the stocking, lay it on a table, pull it exactly into shape, then pass it through the wringer. Hang the stockings up to dry by the feet, as otherwise all the dampness will collect in the toe and will spoil the stockings. When almost dry the stockings may be pressed out with a cool iron, though they certainly wear better if left untouched.

The serial, "Chance the Juggler," will be continued to-morrow.

SIMPLE DISHES.

No. 87.—DRESDEN PATTIES.
INGREDIENTS.—Slices of white bread, half a pound of cold meat, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of chopped onion, salt and pepper, one egg, breadcrumbs.

Cut three slices of bread about two inches thick, then cut them into rounds about three inches in diameter. Hollow out the centre of these rounds, leaving cases of bread. Cut a neat little round of bread to form a top for each case. Dip the cases for a few seconds in water, and then let them drain well. Chop the meat finely, mix with the parsley, onion and seasoning to taste. Make the mixture moist with a little gravy or sauce.

Next brush the cases over with beaten egg, cover them with bread crumbs, and fry them a golden brown in boiling fat. Make the meat mixture very hot and fill each case with some of it, piling the mixture up rather high. Lastly, put on the little tops and serve the patties very hot, garnished with fried parsley.

Cost 10d. for eight patties.

No. 88.—BEEF OLIVES.

INGREDIENTS.—One and a half pounds of rump steak, two ounces of beef suet, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, quarter of a teaspoonful of chopped herbs, one egg, salt and pepper, one ounce of green olives.

Cut the beef into small pieces about half an inch long. Beat them flat with a wet cutlet bat or heavy knife. Chop up all the trimmings from the beef, also the suet, parsley and herbs. Mix these all together and season them nicely with salt and pepper. Place a layer of the mixture on each piece of beef, roll it up and tie it round securely with a piece of string. Put the gravy in a saucepan with the rolls of beef, and let them stew gently for three-quarters of an hour. Arrange a bed of sliced boiled potato on a hot dish. Arrange the beef olives neatly round. Thicken the gravy with a little flour, season it with salt and pepper, stir it over the fire till it boils, then strain it over the olives.

Cost 2/6 for one dozen olives.

No. 89.—SHORT CAKE.

INGREDIENTS.—Half a pound of flour, two ounces of castor sugar, four ounces of butter, a few slices of candied peel.

Mix the flour and sugar together. Then rub the butter finely into them. Next begin to knead it hard with your hands till it begins to bind together. You must be very careful to do this, as the dough is quite soft, and will shape easily without cracking. Make it into ovals or rounds. Crimp the edges, prick the top all over with a fork, letting the fork go right through the paste. Decorate the top with slices of candied peel. Lay it on a tin lined with buttered paper, and bake in a slow oven till a pale brown.

Cost 6d. for eight or more portions.

No. 90.—APPLES A L'ADELINE.

INGREDIENTS.—Six large apples, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two large dessertspoons of castor sugar, half a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, one egg, half a pint of stale cake crumbs, one tablespoonful of jam, one tablespoonful of whipped cream, half a teaspoonful of fruit syrup.

Peel and core the apples without cutting them. Then put them into a pie dish in a covered pie dish with a little water till all are tender. When they get cold, then dip them into a mixture of flour, sugar, and cinnamon. Beat up the egg, brush each apple over with it, then roll the apple in fine cake crumbs and fry a golden colour in boiling fat. Drain them on paper. Fill in the middle of each apple with a little jam and put a little lump of whipped cream on the top. Serve cold with any nice fruit syrup.

Cost 1s. 6d. for six portions.

No. 91.—CHEESE AIGRETTE.

INGREDIENTS.—Four ounces of flour, half a pint of cold water, one ounce of butter, two eggs, pepper, salt, and cayenne, three ounces of grated cheese.

Put the flour on a tin in a cool oven to dry it, then pass it through a sieve. Put the water and butter in a saucepan, and let them boil. When they boil add the flour, and stir the mixture well over the fire until it will leave the sides of the pan quite clean. Then take it off the fire and allow it to cool a little, and add the eggs one by one. Season the mixture nicely, and add the cheese. Spread it on a plate to cool. Have ready a pan of frying fat; when it has almost reached boiling point, take a teaspoonful of the mixture, drop it into the fat, and fry it a golden brown. Drain the aigrette on paper. Serve them very hot with grated cheese sprinkled over them.

Cost 8d. for one dozen aigrettes.

X A Wonderful Sale OF EXQUISITE GOWNS, BLOUSES, OPERA CLOAKS, ETC.

Suitable for Restaurant, Theatre, or Ordinary Wear, will be held by

LA MAISON MAYER AT THE HOTEL GREAT CENTRAL (The Red Room),

Marylebone Road, London, ON WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, and FRIDAY, the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th December, from 10 to 5.30 each day.

All Garments (excepting those that are tailor-made) will be altered and made to fit by experienced fitters without extra charge.

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A quite new Corset, cut low in bust, so as to give perfect freedom to the upper part of the figure. At the same time the bust lines are cut high at the sides to keep the figure well in position, while they are also very long over the hips, with best whalebone and suspenders attached. Self-measuring. Price from patterns of materials and estimates, sent on application.

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The Highest Novelties in BLOUSES, CHEMISSETTES, FANCY LINEN.

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Post Free. Send shade of hair required.

Beauty Book Free.

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The Daily Time Saver.

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

NO. 26.—POULET SAUTE CATALANE.

By M. FERRARIO, Chef of Romano's, Ltd.

Prepare two fresh artichokes, cut in quarters, and branch for ten minutes, two tomatoes, cut the same way, and six fresh mushrooms, cut in proportion.

Put in a sauté pan 2 oz. of butter, a little olive oil, and lay in it a nice Surrey fowl, cut for sauté. Put on fire, and cook rather sharp, and when both sides are a nice colour, take it out and keep aside. Put in your artichokes and let fry for a few minutes, then add your mushrooms, a little chopped shallot, and a glass of white wine. When reduced, add your tomato, let cook for about eight minutes, and pour the whole over your fowl that you have put in a fire-proof tureen and kept in a warm oven.

Serve with a little finely chopped herbs sprinkled on top.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

Baked Flounders. Dresden Patties. Grilled Kidneys, with Tomatoes.

LUNCHEON.

Hare Soups. Fish Pudding with Egg Sauce. Fricasse of Eggs. Beef Olives.

Macaroni and Tomato Pie.

Artichokes à la Crème. Steamed Chocolate Pudding. Pistachio Sauce.

COOLD DISHES.

Roast Beef. Horseradish Sauce. Rabbit Pie. Celery Salad. Galantine of Pork.

TEA.

Potted Sardine Sandwiches. Crumpets. Chocolate Cakes. Short Cake. Sultana Cake.

SOUP.

Brussels Sprout Purée. Clear Ox Tail.

FISH.

Quenelles of Cod's Liver. Fried Mullet, caper Sauce.

ENTREES.

Chicken à la Samaritaine. Crostades of Ham.

ROASTS.

Stuffed Fillet of Veal. Saddle of Mutton.

GAME.

Salmis of Game. Roast Snipe.

VEGETABLES.

Spinach à la Française. Potato Croquettes.

SWEETS.

Apples à l'Adeline.

Chestnut Pudding. German Sauce.

SAUCEURS.

Devilled Sardines. Cheese Aigrettes.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Fish. Mackerel. Sole. Plaice. Cod. Turbot. Whiting. Dory. Smoked Salmon. Haddock. Crabs. Oysters. Lobsters. Meat. Pork. Veal. Mutton. Beef. Game. Duck. Geese. Rabbits. Turkeys. Pigeons. Hares. Quails. Pheasants. Wild Duck. Plovers. Grouse. Teal. Snipe. Venison. Vegetables. Brussels Sprouts. Leeks. Carrots. French Asparagus. Artichokes. Turnips. Beetroot. Turnip Tops. Spinach. Seakale. Salad of various kinds.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Oranges. Apples. Grapes. Forced Rhubarb. Pineapples. Bananas. Cranberries. Figs. Pomegranates. Nuts.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blossoms for the Table. Roses. Violets. Smilax. Marguerites. Lilies of the Valley. Spanish Oak. Beech leaves. Cut Flowers and Flowers in Pots. Chrysanthemums. Arbutus. Begonias. Heaths. Solanum. Spireas. Palms and Ferns.

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements (Continued).**SITUATIONS WANTED.**

PORTER or Billiard Marker; age 31; good reference; disengaged; 14s. weekly.—Write T. 606, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WAITER or Plateman; age 22; good reference; 10s.-18s. weekly.—Write T. 604, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WAITER or Indoor Servant; age 24; £26-40; excellent references.—Write T. 601, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WAITER or Billiard Marker; disengaged; good reference; £10s. weekly.—Write T. 600, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WIDOW; 32; quick and energetic; desire to learn routine of good private hotel; town preferred; no salary.—Write 390, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Miscellaneous.

A LADY highly recommends her late maid as high-class dressmaker; now in business for herself in West End; Paris experience; specially clever at young ladies' tailoring; dainty blouses, etc.—Write 29, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BOOKKEEPER, in hotel; age 22; good reference; would give time.—Write T. 602, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

CARETAKER Desires charge of house; good references.—Write T. 46, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

DAILY WORK wanted; would take place for month.—Write T. 41, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

STATE Manager; electrical, mechanical engineer; well up in motor cars; electrical lighting, etc.; jobbing, repairs, etc.—9, St. John's-road, Brixton.

LADY recommends woman; excellent general; address—Mrs. Hadden, 25, Westbourne-terrace, Hyde Park, W. 3417

LINENKEEPER (experienced); age 29; disengaged; 10s.-12s.; good references.—Write T. 621, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

MANSERVANT.

BUTLER-VALET wanted; must be used to hunting clothes.—Write T. 104, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Cooks.

COOK (good) wanted for country house near New Bond-street, W.—Write T. 89, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good plain); country; assistance given; £10s.—Write S. 49, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3500

COOK (good plain) wanted; £22-£24; 4 servants kept.—Write F. 62, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good plain) wanted by December 12th.—Write 1, Oakley-square, N.W. 3408

COOK (good) wanted for London.—Write O. 116, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2299

COOK (good plain) wanted for school.—Write T. 88, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (plain) wanted, easy place; by Dec. 14.—Write T. 99, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK wanted at once; two in family.—Write O. 13, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3568

COOK wanted for country; must understand fair and reliable woman.—Miss Jones, East Wickham House, Wellington, Kent. 3380

COOK, Kitchenmaid, and Under-parlourmaid wanted for large house.—F. 43, Crown-wards, S.W.

COOK wanted; £26; for small family.—Mrs. M. 21, Gloucester-square, W.

COOK wanted; must be smart and active; 3 servants kept; in family.—Write T. 20, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK and House-Parlourmaid wanted; near London.—Write 22, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK and parlourmaid (experienced) for country; 2 in family.—Write T. 87, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (good) wanted; £22-£25; 4 servants kept.—Mrs. Bothwell, 38, Harley-street, W. 3425

COOK-GENERAL AL required; experienced; for hat in town; two ladies.—Write 61 to Mrs. Beer, 2, Cranbourne-court, Albert Bridge, W. 3591

General Servants.

DAILY SERVANT (superior) wanted; for flat.—Write T. 85, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL for small flat in London; wanted at once; £90, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL (good) wanted; quite plain cook; £10s. a week.—Mrs. Goldfield, Woodside Park-road, North Finchley. 3368

GENERAL (good); young; wanted at once; for D. & J. 71, Bromley-by-Bow, Bermondsey, Kent.

GENERAL (good) wanted; must be of good appearance.—Write T. 101, "Daily mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL (good) wanted; for one lady in 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL (good) wanted; also young Nurses; under three in family; sisters or friends preferred.—J. 100, Waverley, Sidcup. 2260

GENERAL (good) wanted; for doctor's house; £10s. a week.—Write 116, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3599

GENERAL (good) wanted; small family; £10s. a week.—Mrs. Robinson, 20, Cambrian-road, Richmond Hill.

GENERAL wanted; good, with highest references; nice home and good wages.—Godbold, 46 Birch-grove, Ealing Common.

GENERAL wanted; very easy place; good appearance necessary.—Write T. 102, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL (good) wanted; 2 in family; no washing; £8. 45, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3535

GENERAL wanted for doctor's house; £10s. a week.—Mrs. Robinson, 20, Cambrian-road, Richmond Hill.

GENERAL wanted; good, with highest references; nice home and good wages.—Godbold, 46 Birch-grove, Ealing Common.

GENERAL wanted; very easy place; good appearance necessary.—Write T. 102, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

GENERAL (good) wanted; 2 in family; no washing; £8. 45, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3535

GENERAL (two good) wanted; wages £80; no windrows, no washing.—C. Hines, West-end, West Hill-road, Wandsworth.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

GENERAL Servant (superior); age 30; good reference; disengaged; 14s. weekly.—Write T. 606, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WAITER or Plateman; age 22; good reference; 10s.-18s. weekly.—Write T. 604, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

WAITER or Billiard Marker; disengaged; good reference; £10s. weekly.—Write T. 600, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

WIDOW; 32; quick and energetic; desire to learn routine of good private hotel; town preferred; no salary.—Write 390, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Miscellaneous.

GENERAL wanted for flat; 2 in family.—Write O. 115, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2267

GENERAL (good); plain cooking; small family; boy kept.—Wyllie, Tudor House, Staines. 3592

HOUSE-GENERAL wanted for apartment house.—Mrs. Berger, 31, Brook-street, W. 2293

HOUSE-GENERAL wanted for apartment house.—Mrs. Berger, 31, Brook-street, W. 2293

HELP (useful); young girl about 25; must be domesticated; good to children; few; assistance given; experienced in business previous (tobacconist); £16; treated as one of family.—Apply 155, Kentish Town-road, N.W. 130, Westminster Bridge-road.

GENERAL wanted for flat; 2 in family.—Write T. 105, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements (Continued).**DAILY BARGAINS.**

Advertisement Rates: 12 words, Is. 6d. 1d. per word afterwards.

The articles advertised in these columns are not on show at the "Daily Mirror" Offices in Bond-street. Readers must communicate with the advertisers by letter.

DRESS.

A BEAUTIFUL Irish lace Collar, a beauteous rose design; good condition. £2 10s.—Write Z. 1406, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BEAUTIFUL Lady's Handkerchief free; postage penny; with illustrated list and samples.—British Linen Company, Oxford-street, London.

A CHARMING House Gown of pale grey with trimmings; lace; scalloped lace bodice; medium skirt; £2 42s.—Write Z. 1426, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A CHARMING white nun's veiling Dance Dress; new full skirt, bebe bodice, trimmed lovely guipure and touches of emerald green; sequined bodice; £2 10s.—Write Z. 1419, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A LOVELY Theatre Cloak, in powder-blue camel's hair cloth, lined white silk; three-quarter length; £3 10s.—Write Z. 1395, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A RECEPTION or Concert Gown, reseda yellow; trimmings; 26" waist; lace on skirt; black bodice; from hemmed chintz vest of rich cream lace; medium figure; scarcely worn; coat 15 guineas; for £7.—Write Z. 1443, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A VERY distinguished Gown of electric blue with trimmings; lace skirt; full figure; £3 10s.—Write Z. 1383, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A LEXANDRA dress Shoes; patent or glass; made on West End models; Is. 11d.—2d. postage. 3d.—Rabbits, Newington Butts, London.

A Elegant demi-trotte of pink satin, covered black chiffon; trimmed ruchings, frills, and pink-tipped daisies; coat 12 guineas; for £5; a bargain.—Write Z. 1447, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A AN Exquisite Dinner Gown of white satin; covered black Chantilly lace; transparent sheer sleeves; good condition; £6 41s.—Write Z. 1482, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A AN Exquisite model Gown (Fenwick) in pale pink Orient satin; wide lace flounces, edged on both lace and skirt; short sash brown velvet; lace trimmings; £10.—Write Z. 1408, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BABY's complete Outfit; 62 articles; 25s. Ed. Empire robe, daygowns, nightgowns, flannels, petticoats, etc.—"Eva," 89, Union-road, Clapham.

A BABY's long Clothes, complete set, 50 articles; very choice; unused; 21s.; 1s. postage.—Mrs. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.

A BARGAIN.—Good dark blue coat, lined with black; collar; 25s.—Write Z. 1422, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BARGAIN.—Sealine Jacket; latest sacque shape; double-breasted; with revers and storm collar; quite new; going abroad; only £7 10s.—Approval—Bolanski, 52, High-street, Pimlico.

A BARGAIN.—Wide lace offers two-prime Persian Lilan Fur Necklet, natural white, silk lined; sacrificed; 5s. 9d. approval before payment.—Mrs. Talbot, 12a, Upper Brook-street, Manchester.

A BEAUTIFUL Powder-blue silk Gown; 2-lined with chiffon rose petals; lace edged; very uncommon; scarcely worn; medium figure; £4 19s.—Write Z. 1374, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BEAUTIFUL pink glass lace Petticoat; trimmings; edged black lace; perfectly new; £2 10s.—Write Z. 1407, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BISCOTTI Voile Dress; beautifully trimmed white Irish lace and black velvet hem ribbon; very dainty bodice; 25s.—£3. 7s.—Write Z. 1401, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BLACK lace Coatee; never worn; handsome design; small figure; £16.—Write Z. 1393, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A BLACK tailor-made face-cloth three-quarter sleeve; lace collar; 24" waist; £2 2 guineas.—Mrs. Hutchinson, 1, Clarence-place, Newport, Mon.

A BOUSES. Costumes, Silk Petticoats, Corsets, Underliners.—Extraordinary value.—35, Lorraine, Brixton.

A BLUE and white speckled cloth Russian Coat; very good; lace trimmings; silk lined; 2s. 3d.—35s.—Write Z. 1429, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A CHARMING mignotte green voile Gown; over silk; silk applique trimming; swathed silk belt; bodice trimmed beautiful lace; new this season; £10.—Write Z. 1468, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A CHARMING red lace silk Petticoat; tucked and frilled; never worn; 2s.—Write Z. 1457, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A DAINTY blue and white striped flannel Dressing Jacket; trimmed white washing silk; £1 10s.—Write Z. 1469, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A ELDERLY Lady's black velvet Mantle; handsomely trimmed with silk and lovely black Thibet or cashmere coat; 10 guineas; for £3 10s.—Write Z. 1402, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A ELDERLY Lady's grey figure silk Dress; beautifully trimmed; silk crepe de Chine; steel ornaments; stout figure; £4 4s.—Write Z. 1453, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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